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January 22, 1964

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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In color
**LIFE OF THE
BINDIBUS**

•
4-page feature
**BE CREATIVE
WITH
CAKE MIXES**

•
To knit
**ROYAL BABY
JACKET**



Mum takes the worry out of being close

Helps keep you dry—stops perspiration odour for 24 hours

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JANUARY 22, 1964

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Australia's primitive Bindibus wage an ingenious battle to survive in their desert home (see pages 10-13).

PLENTY of people moan about the "joys" of civilisation — but learning more about the Bindibus has made us grateful for the little things, at least...

Like string, for instance. The Bindibus have to make their own string; they use kangaroo sinews.

"The tough, elastic sinews are carefully rolled into a circle and dried," explained Dr. Donald F. Thomson, who provided our exclusive story and pictures on the Bindibus.

"After being chewed in the mouth until they are supple, the sinews are later used for lashing the hook of a spear-thrower or the barb of a spear.

"They are also used to repair spear shafts or spear-throwers that are cracked or damaged."

Dr. Thomson is head of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Melbourne.

IN "Birds' Heaven" (December 18 issue), Barbara E. Salter described the way her big garden at Black Rock, Victoria, has become a home-from-home for hundreds of native birds.

(The birds are attracted by the native plants in the garden, and by the special

Our Cover

● Pretty Kissane Davis (21) was born in Singapore, migrated to Australia four years ago, and now lives in the Sydney suburb of Kilara. Kissane is a successful fashion model; here, her frothy pink-red bathing cap echoes the background color of a gaily-patterned swimsuit. The cover picture was taken by Atilla Bujdos, of Turramurra, New South Wales.

food Mr. and Mrs. Salter provide.)

Mr. Joe Mollison has written to tell us that he and his sister have a native plant garden, like Mrs. Salter's, at Boronia — 20 miles from Melbourne.

"We have a lot of bottle-brushes, and this has encouraged a family of red wattlebirds to take up residence here," he wrote.

"Our bottle-brushes flower over a long period, and the harsh — but, no doubt, appreciative — squawks of the wattlebirds can be heard every day.

"I am sure many people would plant bottle-brushes, tea-tree, and other native plants if they knew how easy they are to grow and how much the native birds like them."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 22, 1964

Ambassador's daughter weds

● One of the most picturesque weddings held in Canberra was the marriage of Miss Eugenia Ezpeleta, elder daughter of the Philippines Ambassador to Australia, Mr. Mariano Ezpeleta, and Mrs. Ezpeleta, to Mr. Augusto Villanueva, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Jose Villanueva, of Manila.

The bride and attendants wore traditional butterfly-sleeved Filipino gowns made by young Manila designer Aureo Alonzo. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps among the 350 guests were also in national dress.

The marriage was celebrated with Nuptial Mass at St. Christopher's Pro-Cathedral. The reception was at the new Philippines Embassy.



BRIDESMAIDS Miss Maria Luisa Nicolas (left) and the bride's sister, Miss Lourdes ("Sunny") Ezpeleta, await the bride at the church. The groom, a Sydney University Bachelor of Economics graduate, is studying business administration in Australia. The bridal couple met in Sydney.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



RING-BEARER Jonjo Urquiola, 8, and flower-girl Consuelito Calvo, 7, precede the bridal couple leaving St. Christopher's Pro-Cathedral. The church was beautifully decorated, the pews garlanded with pale pink and white satin ribbon and flower posies.

BRIDE'S PARENTS (left) pictured at the reception with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Jose Villanueva, who flew from Manila for the wedding. The gowns worn by Mrs. Villanueva and Mrs. Ezpeleta (in hand-painted silk) featured the Filipino sleeve.



NEXT WEEK:

How to get your own home

Building your own home can be an adventure, a headache, fun, or a tragedy — depending on the way you go about it.

To help keep the headaches and tragedies at bay, our four-page feature is specially designed for the prospective home builder.

It's packed with information on land, finance, and choice of design (and points out snags and pitfalls to avoid, too).

AND there is a comprehensive section for people who want small homes, with four variations of a compact design.

★ The story of a Princess

In March last year Hope Cooke and the Crown Prince of Sikkim were married.

It was an improbable romance; a New York college girl and the heir to a Himalayan kingdom.

Now the former college girl is Maharani of Sikkim (after the recent death of her father-in-law) . . . and tells her own fascinating story.



★ You're never too old to look younger

. . . doctor's advice

An Australian specialist in the health problems of old people gives some valuable ideas on the way to conserve and improve health and beauty.



● Annigoni (right) painting the Maharanee of Jaipur, shown above in the sitting-room of her home in Berkshire. The Maharanee's husband, "Jai," is one of the richest men in India.



SOCIETY PORTRAITS

TRAVELLING has always been one of my greatest pleasures. In India I went on a tiger hunt, organised by the Maharanee of Jaipur, whose portrait I was painting. Perhaps it was as well that the tiger had another engagement that day, for when the Maharanee arranged a

more successful affair for Prince Philip some time later the British Press loudly lamented the death of the tiger.

Spain I loved for the beauty of its architecture, the passion and sadness of its music, and the excitement of its dancing.

I went there with some of my students. We were not very elegant, and when we visited a famous restaurant, the Villa Rosa, we were turned away.

"Who are they?" we heard someone ask.

"A band of gypsies, by the look of them," the doorman replied. "You can't come in. Go away." He waved us off.

At that moment Baroness von Thyssen, whom I had known in London as fashion model Fiona Campbell-Walter (I once drew her as a tree in an allegorical picture), left the Villa Rosa with her husband.

She saw me just outside the door and joined us.

"We've just been 'thrown out,'" I said. "They took us for gypsies."

We were laughing, but she was angry. "I'll soon see to that," she said, and turned back. But we stopped her.

"To hell with them. We want to go to a place where we can enjoy ourselves."

All my adventures came to an end just before the war, when I married and settled down—to some extent, anyway.

Towards the end of the war I was commissioned to paint the American General

Mark Clark by the officers of his General Staff.

Sittings were brief and constantly interrupted by messengers, officers, aides, and telephone calls from all over the world.

Several times, however, the General found time to call at the studio. Each time he expressed satisfaction, saying how well he could recognise himself as he had looked during the arduous battle of Monte Cassino.

When at last the portrait was finished, the General appeared at the studio accompanied by his entire staff, or so it seemed to me. He was in a bad mood.

Without saying a word he strode over to the painting. After standing in front of it for some minutes, he turned with a scowl and said: "I never lost a battle!"

He left without another word. His officers remained behind—amazed.

I imagined that since we had last met someone had told him the portrait had the air of a defeated man, and that he could not tolerate the thought.

Silly questions

I am often asked, too often in fact, what I find beautiful in a woman. What makes me want to paint her.

But these are silly questions. What makes me want to paint a hideous old beggar? Or a monster? As easy to say what makes a person fall in love.

It is not necessarily a woman's beauty, but some



● Baroness von Thyssen . . . "I once painted her as a tree."

other quality which catches my imagination. In writing about the painting of a portrait I have called this quality the "third person."

It is something that is begotten, as it were, between the painter and his subject, and is more than the total of what they each give to the picture.

It comes out more strongly in some cases than in others. It is this ability to "give" to a portrait that makes the difference to me between one beautiful woman and another.

I have used some faces that have particularly caught my imagination in pictures that are not portraits.

I painted actress Juanita Forbes as a prophetess of ancient Greece, and Sharmine Tiruchelvam, of Ceylon, in an allegorical picture of modern times.

● World copyright "News of the World," 1963.

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Send in photographs of yourself before and after you lost weight if you have them, but photographs are not essential.

In addition to the prize of £1000 for the best diet we receive, we will pay £20 or more for any other diets we publish.

Send entries to Diet Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries must reach us by March 1, 1964.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

DICK HAYMES

Four wives:

1. Joanne Dru
2. Norah Eddington
3. Rita Hayworth
4. Fran Jeffries

MIKE SULLIVAN

Four wives:

1. Joan Turnbull
2. Kitten Simmonds
3. Juhni Holloway
4. Lili Berde



What's wrong with WIVES!

SHOW-BUSINESS men Richard Haymes and Mike Sullivan, who are visiting Australia, say their trail of marital misadventures left them liking and understanding women.

Between them they've had a total of eight wives and seven divorces.

Dance-band, film, television, and cabaret singer Dick Haymes, whose brides included Rita Hayworth, is currently unwed.

And if anyone brings up the subject of marriage to him again he says he'll run like a deer.

Marriage makes him feel trapped.

But his manager, English-born Irishman Mike Sullivan, paints a rosy picture of marriage to this fourth wife, former Greek ballerina Lili Berde.

They have been married for nearly five years. Mike explained that besides time it took adjustments including two car crashes and a bottle of champagne smashed over his head by Lili to reach his state of "domestic bliss."

Mike said: "A man should always take it for granted that a woman has no sense of humor — and then early in their courtship teach her to laugh at what amuses him."

"Just as the imagination can be extended with training, so humor can be developed."

He cited how such "training" had averted a scene when he broke the news that he was flying to Australia to manage Dick's season at Chequer's nightclub in Sydney.

"Lili was terribly upset

● After eight marriages and seven divorces, Dick Haymes and Mike Sullivan say their wives were all lovely girls and NOT to blame for the failures. But they add these general views about women — as wives:

Dick says:

"A man wants to get out when a woman begins to fatigue him by her own insecurity."

"He gets tired of having to make the constant assurances 'Yes, I do love you. Yes, you do look beautiful. Yes, darling, I really was held up at the office.'"

"When women are in the mood for an argument, they



Dick Haymes

need someone to argue with. They become furious when a man turns his back and refuses to have a quarrel."

"Why can't women understand that men must have the friendship and companionship of other men? Why do they always have to be jealous of their husband's closest friend?"

"Why is it that the moment a man says to a woman, 'Darling, I love your hair that way,' she rushes off to a hairdresser and changes the style?"

"Why does a wife ask her husband, 'What would you like me to wear'—and after he tells her, put on something completely different?"

"And then there are women who run up charge accounts. When a man thinks he has everything worked out to the last shilling he just can't take surprises like that from a wife!"

Mike says:

"As soon as a woman falls in love with a particular man she sets about changing him. Then one day she wonders why he suddenly seems 'different.'"

"A man is pleased and flattered by a woman showing a subtle possessiveness towards him. But it has to be kept in a pretty broad sense. Once a woman becomes possessive about petty little things a man feels caged."

"Men are much more romantic at heart than women. And they feel let down when their dream girl has a practical head."

"A wise woman never lets her husband know she has her feet on the ground."

"Women who know how to make men happy would never dream of questioning a man to find out if he had



Mike Sullivan

really been dining with a client. They always instinctively know when he is telling the truth and avoid trapping him into a lie."

"Clever women who want to keep their husbands turn a blind eye and pretend they don't know if a husband happens to slide off the rails."

"A clever woman can always get her husband back if she avoids bringing the matter into the open and having it out with him."

By MARY COLES

to do just that, without having to ask a wife, 'Do you mind, dear?'

"Whenever I neglected any of my wives for other interests, I got a conscience about it, and then bent over backwards trying to make amends with presents."

"Rita (Hayworth) called my gifts 'pacifiers!'"

She was his third wife; they were married six years.

Previously he had been married to Norah Eddington for a year. His first marriage, to Joanne Dru, lasted nine years, and his fourth, to Fran Jeffries, for 5½ years.

All were registry office marriages.

Mike Sullivan's first marriage, to aspiring actress Joan Turnbull, ended after six years.

His second bride was Mildred (Kitten) Simmonds, a London secretary. They divorced two years later.

Next he married Juhni Holloway, daughter of the circus wire-walker George Callienti.

After six years they divorced and he married Lili.

Mike's first marriage was a church ceremony. The other three were in registry offices.

Although he speaks with affectionate regard for his previous wives, he would like his last marriage to have been his first and only.

Dick is adamant that he will never marry again. If he did, he would want a wife combining the different qualities of Joanne, Norah, Rita, and Fran.

Such a combination, he considers, would make the PERFECT woman.

and reached for something to throw," he said.

"But I said, 'Now, now, darling, wait a minute before you hurl that glass — I want to bet £12 to £1 you'll miss me!'"

"This made her laugh and everything was all right."

Although now in their early forties, Dick and Mike are as lithe and blithe as college men.

Richard (he prefers this to "Dick"), half-Irish half-Scott, was born in South

America and educated in Europe.

He intended making a career of music and was studying at the Juilliard School of Music in New York when he got sidetracked by his baritone voice.

It was the era when all teenagers wanted to be Bing Crosby.

Soon Richard was a hit as a vocalist, singing with such famous bands as Harry James' and Tommy Dorsey's.

He has stayed with the

times as a popular singer by keeping to many of the well-loved evergreens, but singing them to arrangements by young contemporary bands.

Now with no domestic responsibilities, he says he'll also have time to return to composing music — his first love — and also write screen plays and books.

He looks more like a pipe-smoking, intellectual teddy bear than a nightclub artist.

Besides music and writing, he is terribly keen about all

kinds of sport, including water-skiing, and just "going fishing" for a day or a month.

He has discovered he "functions better alone."

"I believe in spoiling and making a great fuss of a woman I love, but with my diversified interests I haven't time to do this, and it irritates me."

"Music is my one real mistress. If I feel like getting up at 4 a.m. and playing Bach recordings, I like to be able

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When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!



Don't stand on your head!

● Yoga, properly practised, is the key to a perfect life, but women should never stand on their heads, says this Australian girl who studied yoga at an institute in India. She will soon marry the Institute registrar.

MELBOURNE girl Jill Campbell, who has just returned home after spending eight months at the Yoga Institute at Santa Cruz, Bombay, India, will marry Shri Vijayadev, younger son of the Institute's founder and president, early next month.

Jill, 23, tall, slim, and blue-eyed, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Ivanhoe.

She is the first Australian to get the Yoga Institute's certificate of training, and only the second person in the world — the other was an Indian — to receive a permanent certificate.

(Certificates are usually given for one or three years, then teachers have to return for refresher courses.)

Jill is busy getting a yoga school going in Melbourne before her fiancé arrives.

His parents, Shri Yogendraji and Mrs. Sita Devi, and his brother, Dr. Jayadeva, will not be able to come out for the wedding as they can't leave the Institute for the necessary period.

Shri Vijayadev is a teacher and registrar of the Institute. When he and Jill are married he will teach yoga to men while she conducts the women's classes.

His father, Shri Yogendraji (the "Shri" and the "ji" are terms of respect), the founder-president of the Institute, is 65, and has been a yogi since he was 16.

He founded the Institute in 1918. His wife is in charge of the women's section of the clinic and hospital attached to the Institute.

How it began

How did Jill start on the trail which has led to her engagement?

"At Ivanhoe Grammar, where I went to school, and when I was doing a science course at the university, I used to suffer constantly from tension headaches," Jill said.

"I was 18 and was told I would grow out of them."

"But my father, who is a great reader, suggested I try yoga. So my mother and I went to yoga classes at a St. Kilda school."

"Later I worked there, first in the office, then as a demonstrator."

The headaches disappeared after about six months, but, Jill says, from the first, yoga meant more to her than a way of getting rid of them.

She read about the Institute in the monthly "Yoga Journal" early last year, when she had been teaching yoga for three years.



JILL CAMPBELL and fiancé Shri Vijayadev, younger son of the founder-president of the Indian Yoga Institute, where Jill was studying.

"I wrote to them and was sent a lot of forms to fill in."

(One question Jill was asked was how long she could sit with her eyes closed. The answer would help determine her willpower.)

"I heard nothing for about a week, then they wrote to say I could come," Jill said.

The Institute, built around a compound in lovely gardens, gets money grants from the Indian Government. Teachers are trained there to teach yoga as a subject in Government schools.

Jill said at present the Institute was doing a survey of yoga institutes throughout the world to sort out the good and bad ones.

"The many fakery are doing more harm to yoga than good," Jill said.

"Shri Yogendraji is an unusual man," she added. "Most yogis are hermits who live in caves, but he felt that yoga wasn't being understood, by ordinary people because they felt they could never emulate the masters."

That was why the Institute was conducted on more modern lines.

"There are 84 traditional practices in yoga. A lot are too hard for modern man to do without being prepared for them."

"It was different in ancient times when men did many of these things as a matter of course, like sitting on the ground."

"They haven't altered the practices at the Institute, but they have designed simple steps so that someone who hasn't exercised for ten years, for instance, can work up to the harder practices by easy stages."

"There are different practices for men and women."

"Women are much weaker, and some practices are detrimental to them. The

head stand is not good for women because their spines are weaker than men's."

"No one should stand on the head for more than a minute."

"It is all right for devout yogis who do it all the time, but it can even be dangerous—for people with high

By
MARGARET
BERKELEY

blood pressure, for instance."

At the Institute she rose between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m. to do yoga practices before breakfast. Lectures were in the mornings or the afternoons in alternate months.

The main languages used were Hindi and English.

She studied anatomy, physiology, Eastern philosophy, psychology, and methods of teaching yoga.

Besides practising yoga, she studied yoga principles and ancient texts.

Jill learnt enough Hindi to make herself understood and could follow what was said to her, but she couldn't speak it well.

"I had to teach a class of 17 for three weeks as part of my course," she said.

"Some in the class couldn't speak English, but others used to interpret for me."

Jill had quite a time persuading the Indian women not to wear saris at class.

"Indian women never mind how filmy their bodies are or how bare their mid-ribs, but they don't like baring their legs," Jill said. "But I managed to get them into shorts and blouses before too long."

Jill herself adopted the sari. "It is so wonderful for sitting on the floor," she said.

Jill is 5ft. 8in. tall — "I grew half an inch in India," she said — and weighs 8 stone. She was a vegetarian before she left Melbourne, so the food at the Institute presented no problem.

About teaching yoga, Jill said:

"Yoga is not something you can switch on and off. You don't just teach yoga in a class. You can help people with their problems all the time."

Jill is a rather inspiring advertisement for yoga. When she sits she is relaxed and yet completely upright. She is composed, but not prim or stiff.

Her clear blue eyes look straight at the person she's speaking to.

There's not a line of stress in her face.



MELBOURNE GIRL Jill Campbell in her parents' garden at Ivanhoe, wearing an orange sari. Jill wore saris during her eight months' stay at the Yoga Institute in Bombay.

FOUR PRACTICES FOR WOMEN

Jill shows yoga poses she advocates for women



● Standing prayer pose (above), calming and conditioning. Right: Stretching practice increases height.



● Camel pose (above) stretches spine, flexes abdominal muscles, is good for legs and neck.



● One-leg pose (right) is good for nerves, develops steadiness and muscle co-ordination.



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Open a can of milk or cream at any time. Use it for making ice-cream, in your coffee, feeding baby. *Its contents will be as fresh and pure as when they were canned.*



BHP/ C340

Page 8



BHP Tinplate — product of Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 22, 1964

ROYAL BABY JACKET

Instructions for knitting the Tudor jacket Royal mothers are making for their babies

Below are the knitting instructions for the Henry VIII matinee jacket which will be worn by the four British Royal babies due to be born between February and April. The instructions and wool were requested

by the four expectant mothers, the Queen, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, and Princess Alex. It is exclusive to the Women's Home Industries in Britain and has never before been released outside this band of knitters.



BACK VIEW shows the 16th-century "doublet" effect of the design.



MATINEE JACKET on a baby "model."

Materials: 2 balls Patons Pearl Knit 2-ply wool (color A), 1 ball Patons Pearl Knit 2-ply wool (color B); 1 pair No. 11 needles; pink ribbon; 3 small buttons.

Size: First Size.

Tension: 18 sts. to 2in. measured over stocking-stitch. Knit a test piece in stocking-stitch first, as it is essential that tension is absolutely correct. If your tension is too tight, use a size larger needle; if too loose, a size smaller.

THE SKIRT

Using No. 11 needles and color A wool, cast on 54 sts. for right front.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: * K 2 tog., w.fwd., Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

10th Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

Now begin patt. as follows:—Change to color B wool.

1st Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 4 rows twice more.

Change to color A wool.

13th Row: Knit.

14th Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

21st Row: * K 2 tog., w.fwd., Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

22nd Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. 13th and 14th rows 7 times.

37th Row: As 21st row.

38th Row: As 22nd row. Rep. 13th and 14th rows 4 times. These 46 rows form one patt. Rep. these 46 rows twice more.

To Shape Right Armhole: Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of next row and at same edge on next 11 rows.

Work 34 rows without shaping, then inc. 1 st. at armhole edge on next 12 rows.

Work 34 rows without shaping to complete the 5th patt. from commencement, then work 5 more complete patts.

To Shape Left Armhole: Rep. the 58 rows as given for right armhole, then cont. without shaping until the 15th wide openwork band has been completed from commencement.

Next Row: Color A, k.

Next Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. the last 2 rows 3 times.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., w.fwd., Rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 2, purl to last st., k 1.



CLOSE-UP shows the stitch.

Rep. the last 2 rows 3 times. Cast off loosely and evenly.

Fold in each front edge of holes and slip-stitch outer edge on wrong side. Next fold each stocking-stitch band at the single row of holes to form a box pleat, the edges of the two pleats meeting in the centre of the wide openwork band. Press well with a warm iron and a damp cloth.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and color B wool, cast on 40 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows once, then work in patt. as follows:—

Change to color A wool.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

10th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 7 times.

Rep. 9th and 10th rows once.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

times more, but in the last rep. after working the 35th to 38th rows inclusive, rep. 35th and 36th rows once again, then cast off loosely.

Work a second sleeve in same manner.

Press sleeve into pleats as for main part.

WRISTBANDS

Using No. 11 needles and color A wool, with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 48 sts. along lower edge of sleeves, picking up the sts. through three layers of each pleat.

1st Row: Knit.

Change to color B wool.

2nd Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to end of row.

5th Row: Knit.

Change to color A wool.

6th Row: Knit.

7th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1. Rep. the last 2 rows once.

10th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

11th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

12th Row: Knit.

13th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. the last 2 rows once. Cast off loosely.

Work a second wristband in same manner.

Fold up lower edge of wristband at row of single holes and slip-stitch the cast-off edge down on wrong side.

Sew up sleeve seam, starting from cuff and leaving last 2in. free. Set in sleeves, keeping the 5 pleats at top for the shoulder (this will be used as part of yoke) and using the 2in. of sleeve seam for armhole.

YOKE

Using No. 11 needles and color A wool, with right side of work facing, join wool to top edge of jacket at right side, just within hem, and pick up and knit 166 sts. evenly along top of jacket and sleeves.

1st Row (Wrong side facing): Knit.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

10th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., * k 6, k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

11th Row: Knit.

Change to color B wool.

12th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

13th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

14th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to end.

15th Row: As 13th row.

16th Row: As 12th row.

17th Row: Change to color A wool, k 1, purl to last st., k 1.

18th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Work 7 rows: stocking-stitch, beg. with a purl row.

26th Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., k 5. Rep. from * to end.

27th Row: Knit.

28th Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., k 4. Rep. from * to end.

29th Row: Knit.

30th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

31st Row: Knit.

32nd Row: Knit.

33rd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. the last 2 rows once.

36th Row: As 30th row.

37th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

38th Row: Knit.

39th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Cast off loosely.

Fold down top edge at last single row of holes and slip-stitch down on wrong side.

YOKE FRONT EDGES

Using No. 11 needles and color A wool, with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 26 sts. down front edge of yoke.

1st Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

6th Row: Knit.

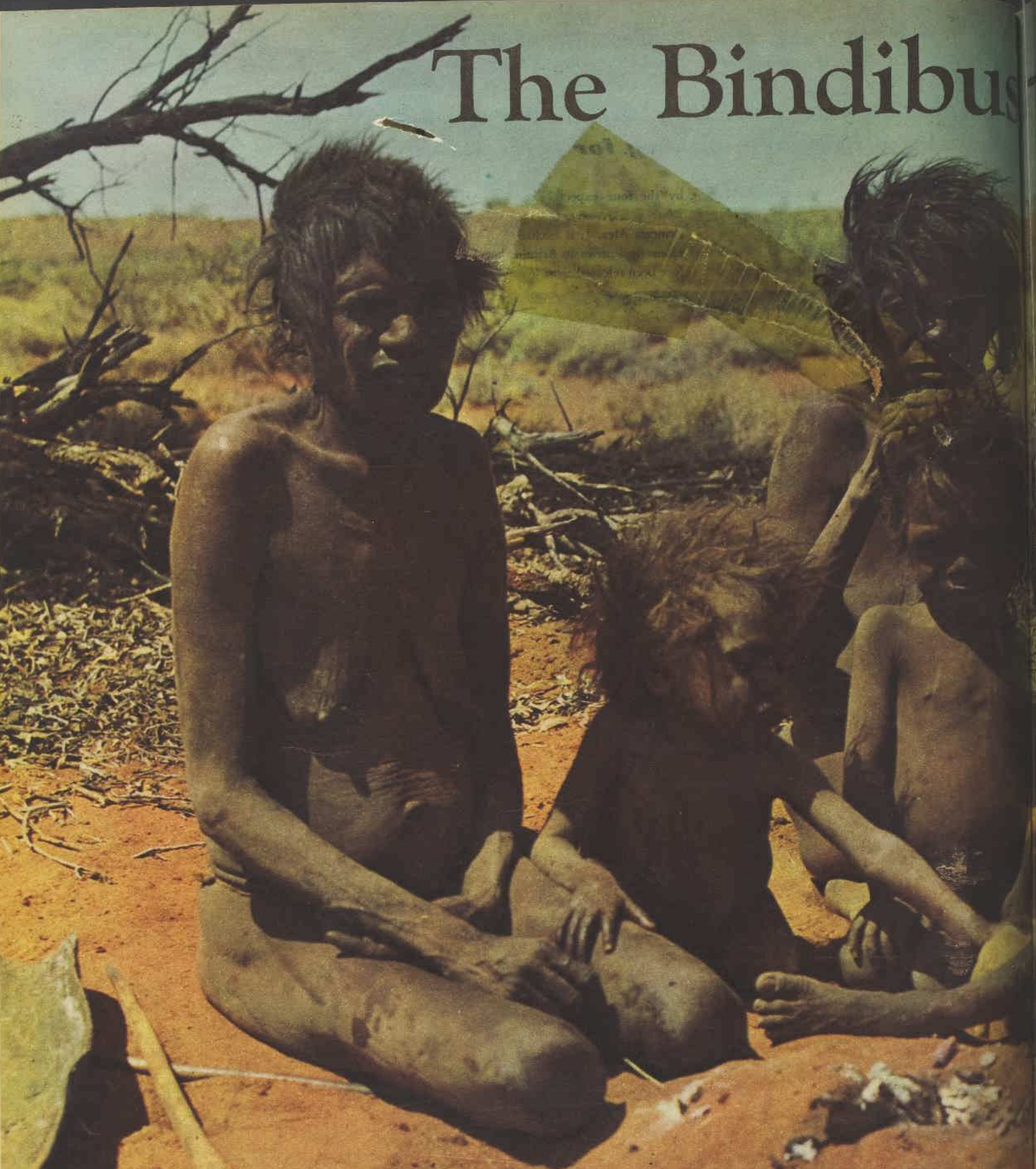
7th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows once. Cast off loosely.

Work other front edge of yoke to match.

Turn in the edge at row of holes and sew down cast-off edge on the wrong side. Sew lower edge to top of main part of jacket. Sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through neck.

The Bindibus



• Speaking no English, wearing no clothes, the primitive nomad Bindibus roam the harsh desert country 500-odd miles west of Alice Springs. To survive, they must find water and food where others would starve.

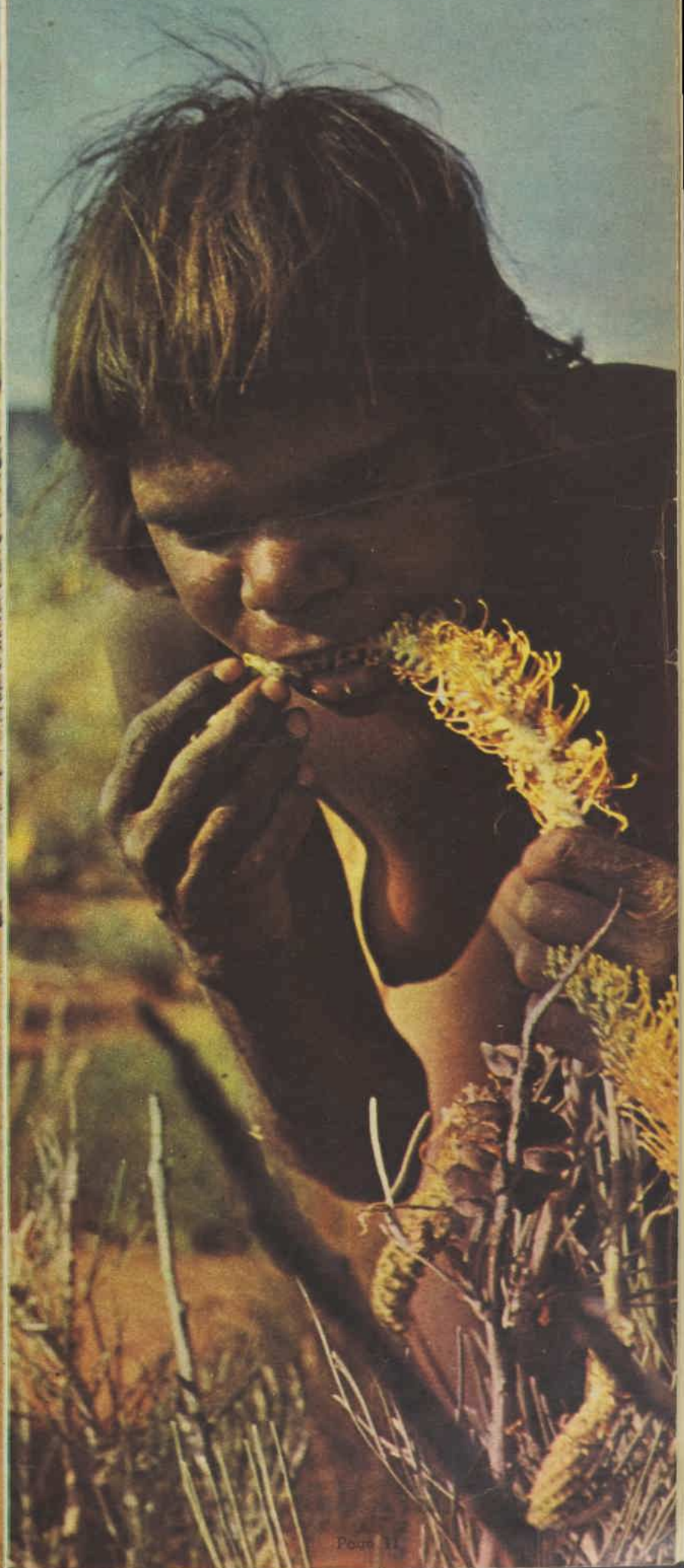
u- Stone Age Australians



TWO Bindibu women, their three children, and a newly captured dingo pup are pictured above in a typical family group. Days of shimmering heat and bitterly cold nights are the age-old environment of the nomads. And always there is the search for food. At right, a desert girl sucks the nectar from the golden flower spikes of a species of *Grevillea*, related to the Silky Oaks.

• The exclusive pictures and text on these and the following pages are from Dr. Donald F. Thomson on his second Bindibu expedition, which recently returned from the Great Sandy Desert, home of the Bindibus.

Continued on page 12



Page 11

WORTH
WAITING
FOR



THE
IMP

FEATURES
JOKES **16**
FICTION

for all the
family in

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The Bindibus - Stone Age Australians

Continued from page 11



BINDIBU "houses" are built from the meagre materials available. The women, above, are preparing vegetable food for the family.



ELABORATE house, above, keeps out really heavy rain. On page opposite, a family camp provides shade and allows for currents of air.

● **Dr. Donald F. Thomson**, the well-known anthropologist, here tells, in part, the story of his second journey to the land of the Bindibus.

AFTER months of preparation the second Bindibu expedition, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society and the University of Melbourne, left Adelaide for the Great Sandy Desert of Central Western Australia — the Bindibu country, where a group of very primitive nomadic people — who still used stone implements of Palaeolithic (early Stone Age) type — were living a tribal life in the remote desert.

These people had remained virtually unknown until the story of my first expedition to that area was unfolded in *The Australian Women's Weekly* in 1957, and later in a series of articles in scientific journals overseas.

The discovery of these remarkable people, to whom the white man was quite unknown, and who roamed the desert from a base at a splendid Rock Hole at Labbi-Labbi, so captured the imagination of people in the U.S. that the story and color pictures that were brought back from this expedition were featured in *"Life"* magazine and other publications.

One of these pictures, of a group of men drinking at a red claypan in the Great Sandy Desert, first published in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, was rated in the U.S. as the greatest biological picture of the year.

The first expedition, meagrely equipped, was done on a shoestring. Two reconditioned Army jeeps of wartime vintage — one acquiring the name "Rudolf" because of its red gear-lever knob — were used, although unsuitably equipped for the sand.

The long supply line between Alice Springs and Labbi-Labbi Rock Hole was supplemented by fuel and supply drops by a Dakota of the Royal Australian Air Force.

This time there were three vehicles.

Two modern 2½-ton vehicles, built for tough supply work for the Australian Army and International Harvester Co. engineers, were lent by the Department of Defence. For the brunt of the work on the expedition, was E for Ethelred — from Ethelred the Unready, naturally. Ethelred is fitted with a power winch, and both trucks have air-compressors to pump up tyres, which must be deflated to negotiate loose sand.

Her sister, P for Penury, carried a heavy load of fuel and spare parts.

Third, but not least, was the little reconnaissance vehicle, a Hallinger, selected to negotiate the formidable sand dunes of the desert.

This vehicle was carried up on E for Ethelred, then offloaded for active service. She looked like an odd mechanical toy, but her looks belied her usefulness.

The name we gave her, Tjolpolongko, was derived from a lizard that figures large in the mythology of the aborigines of eastern Cape York Peninsula, with whom I spent some of the happiest days of my life, and where I served my apprenticeship as a field anthropologist.

Cape York legend tells that one half of the grouping had a monopoly of fire, the other of water. One half,

Karpeya, drank water but could not cook food; the other, Koyan, cooked its food but had no water to drink.

At last one of the culture heroes of Karpeya enlisted the aid of one Tjolpolongko, who in the dream time appeared sometimes in the form of a little goanna, nimble and cunning, at other times as a human, but always with supernatural powers.

One day, when Koyan men were engrossed in smoking a body they were mummifying, Tjolpolongko was sent to creep up to the smoking platform.

Tjolpolongko reconnoitred the situation and then, assuming his lizard form, burrowed his way to the platform, where he seized and carried off fire for Karpeya, suffering severely in the process.

Our mobile little runabout, upon which descended the role of odd-job man for the lumbering and less manoeuvrable weight-carriers, justified the name of her mythical ancestor.

Kangaroo hunter

The party consisted of David Corke, of C.S.I.R.O., wireless operator and cinematographer, Len McLarty, of International Harvester Co., mechanic and driver, and C. G. ("Geoff") Wood, a Tasmanian who is interested in natural history and is associated with the Fauna Board of Tasmania, and who acted as cook and general assistant on the long haul to Giles.

I, as leader, anthropologist, naturalist, and photographer, completed the party, with the addition of Jenny, a pure-bred Scottish deerhound bitch of distinguished ancestry, renowned for her fleetness, her gentle disposition, and her prowess as a kangaroo hunter.

Jenny stands 29 inches at the shoulder and soon learned to leap into the International truck and to curl up inside Tjolpolongko on a bed of straw.

An intensive programme of scientific photography was



COOLAMONS are bark troughs used to carry food and for other purposes in daily living.



carried out by the party, to extend and supplement the story told on the first expedition to the Bindibu country.

Much still remains to be told of the life of the nomadic hunters of the desert who, in a region totally uninhabited by the white man, and hundreds of miles from the farthest outpost of civilisation, maintain a balanced food-gathering economy in a country of sandhills and spinifex — the land where other men perish.

In the bitter nights, the Bindibus sleep fitfully, and in the grey dawn the men hunt along the dunes, firing the clumps of spinifex to keep warm and to drive out the lizards (wanted for food).

Fire, like water, is essential to their survival, and they carry this in the form of smouldering strings which are quickly kindled, and eliminate the laborious use of fire

sticks. At intervals they stand, backs to the fire in the grey light of dawn.

They use fire to warn of their approach to a strange camp, to cook food, to extract the resin from the roots of the spinifex for use in their material culture.

At night brands of spinifex, impregnated with resin, provide them with torches as they move to far-off camps in the cool air.

Bindibus' houses are often meagre, and the family, consisting of a man and his wife or wives and their children, lives as a separate, self-contained unit within the nomadic group or horde.

The family makes its own camp and at its own fire-side prepares and cooks its own food.

The camp of a horde group consists of the camps of each family and in addition the camp of the single men. The camp may be reduced to a mere symbol — little more than a fire forming the headquarters of a family.

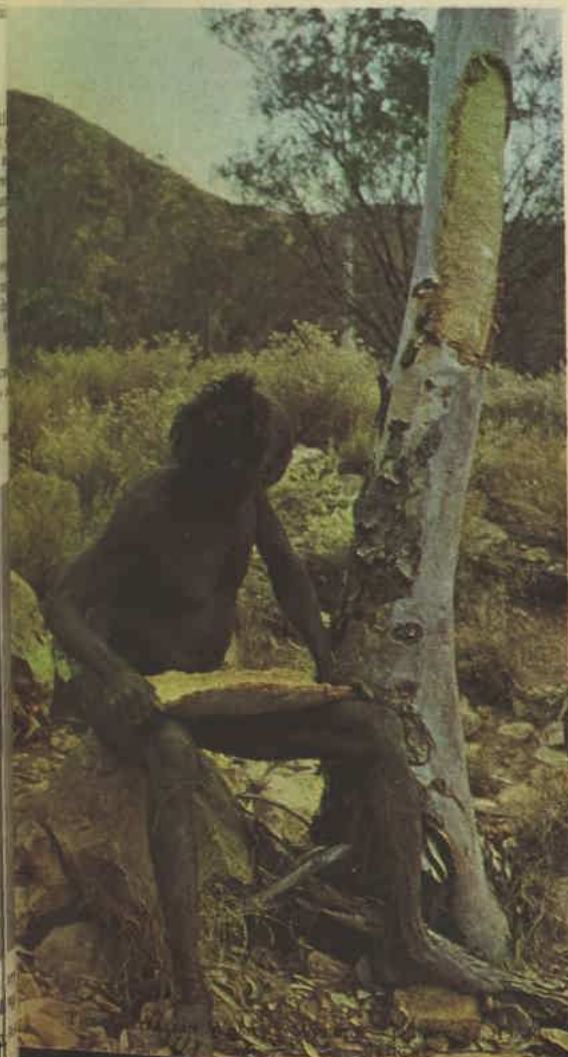
Women may be seen outside a camp, preparing food — perhaps grinding seeds on a mill of flat sandstone.

Rain in the desert is sporadic, and may fall in sudden deluges in quite local areas. Long periods of drought are relieved by storms with great winds and heavy down-pours. Brilliant flowers bloom after the rains.

DIGGING FOR LIZARDS are two children. Lizards are the Bindibus' most dependable source of animal proteins. A little girl noticed the tracks of "linga" and began the hunt.



CONVOY leaves its first camp outside Port Augusta and turns north for Kulgera, on the road to Alice Springs. It will swing west later.



STONE AGE craftsman (left) used a rough hammer stone to cut the bark of a young ghost gum (see the scar) to make a coolamon (bark trough) for use as a domestic dish.

HUNTERS on the desert fringe bring home a big male red kangaroo (mallo) killed from ambush in a clump of mulga. It will be cooked in a trench of hot coals and eaten with relish, the still-red meat being torn by the nomads' strong white teeth.





KNITTED "PORTRAITS." From left, Sir Robert Menzies, Sir Winston Churchill, Mr. Macmillan, and Mr. Khrushchev. The figures are 11in. high.

KNIT-WIT

● Mrs. Annie Matheson, of Eastwood, S.A., likes to call herself a "knit-wit."

MRS. MATHESON knits woollen figures of famous people such as Sir Robert Menzies, Sir Winston Churchill, Mr. Khrushchev, and Elvis Presley and hopes to have an exhibition of her work soon.

Her mother was a court needleworker for Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Matheson works only from newspaper photographs and television glimpses.

"I saw a photograph of Sir Robert Menzies about a year ago, and I wondered if I could knit him," she said. "It became a kind of challenge, to see if I was capable of bringing out his personality and character in wool."

"After Sir Robert I decided to complete the then Big Five — Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Macmillan, Sir Winston Churchill, and President Kennedy."

Sir Robert's dark eyebrows stand out against white hair. Even his Order of the Thistle has been carefully knitted over his left shoulder.

Mr. Khrushchev is hatless,



● Elvis Presley, complete with guitar and white boots.

with high balding head and heavy figure.

Britain's former Prime Minister Mr. Macmillan has a portfolio under one arm.

Sir Winston, complete with cigar and hat, is making his "V" for victory sign.

And Elvis Presley, of course, has side-levers and guitar.

"Someone told me he once wore white boots, so I gave him some," Mrs. Matheson said.

Mrs. Matheson has not yet completed the figure of the late John Kennedy.

"But after that I intend to concentrate on TV people like Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare," she said.

Mrs. Matheson's figures are 11 inches tall.

Their bodies are shaped with white flock material and roughly moulded with a few stitches here and there.

Colors for clothes are chosen to suit character.

Each knitted item—shirt, coat, pants, tie, socks, and shoes—is complete in itself.

The socks are knitted first, then the shoes are knitted over them.

The most vital part — the head — comes next.

"It takes a long time before I'm satisfied with the features," she said. "It means a lot of unpicking and doing again, but detail is the very essence of it all."

The finished knitted "face" is fitted over the moulded head. The nose and ears are pinched into shape, then stitched, along with eyes, eyebrows, and mouth. Finally, the hair — loose flock material — is added, with close attention to the hair-line.

The result — a lifelike "person."

Mrs. Matheson can not only knit and sew but paint, and write poetry and song lyrics. She is for ever thinking of new things to do and of new ways to do them. At the moment she's busy crossing various geranium seeds — just to see what she gets.

—JOAN KENNETT

An Australian girl was there when a million West Berliners moved east into the "grey city"



● The wall through the middle of Berlin divides people. But it cannot divide memories and love between relatives and friends.

IN this city there is always a degree of sorrow that the people of the west and east sectors cannot see each other.

Families are split by the Wall. People from far-off West Germany may pass through the control-points in the Wall to visit East Berlin on the production of a West German identity card. But the people of West Berlin itself are forbidden to visit "the other side."

At least it was so until last month.

Suddenly it was announced that for two weeks, from December 21 until January 5, the West Berliners could visit their relatives in East Berlin. This agreement had been reached between the East German Government and Mayor Willy Brandt of West Berlin.

The news hit Berlin like a bombshell.

Some people were suspicious and mistrustful. But the overwhelming majority immediately started to make plans to see again the beloved faces of mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, cousins, grandfathers and grandmothers, nieces and nephews, husbands and wives.

Engaged couples, however, living on opposite sides of the Wall were forbidden to see each other. They were not related — not until after marriage.

The West Berliners could pass through the Wall only if they had relatives in East Berlin. I spoke with West Berliners who had been trying desperately to obtain permission from East Berlin officials to visit dear friends in East Berlin during these

special two weeks, but their pleas had been ignored.

Excitement ran high in West Berlin and East Berlin. People everywhere rejoiced that they would soon see their families for the first time since the Wall appeared and the world stood speechless with shock on August 13, 1961.

For the first time since this unforgettable date West Berliners could, instead of sending big Christmas parcels through the post, take them across and deliver them in person. They could once again share in the excitement

"Until January 5 families will experience the love and contentment of being together. Then they must again face the misery of separation not knowing if there will ever be 'another time.'"

A middle-aged East Berliner went on: "In particular," he said, "think of the older folk. Maybe it would be better not to have a recurrence of this great emotional stress."

"For the young people it will not be quite as bad, because young people have their own lives and future be-

more than 18 months and have not seen any member of my family during that time. I have been in Germany for more than one year, seven months of which I have spent in Berlin. And I speak the language well enough to feel that I can understand the German situation, to a certain degree at least."

"Ah, you know that you can go home, that you can see your family again," he said.

"But if your mother were in East Berlin, would you then think it best to visit her under these conditions, even though she may be old and with a weak heart?"

"Definitely," I replied, "and I know without a doubt that my mother would wish the same. Wouldn't you do the same thing?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "but then there are many old folk who will find the excitement of this an incredible emotional strain."

I asked him, "In any case, don't you think people would rather take this opportunity, short as it is, rather than not at all?"

To this he answered simply and clearly, "Yes."

The candles in the windows sent out a message

for a short time and even if you do know you may never see them again."

"Do you really think so?" he asked. "You are not a German. How do you know what you would do?"

I replied, "But I have been away from my country for

Altogether, as it turned out, there were said to be 1,238,518 visits to East Berlin during the fortnight.

This served to reassure the East Berliners that West Berliners have as much faith as ever that one day the city and indeed the whole

THE CRACK IN THE WALL

QUEUING in the snow at Schiller School on December 19, these West Berliners waited to apply for permission to visit relatives in East Berlin. AT RIGHT: Barbed wire tops the Berlin Wall across Sebastianstrasse.

of Germany will again become united.

The faith in the future of a reunited Germany is never ceasing. At Christmas there is a custom to symbolise this hope.

On Christmas Eve the families of West Berlin and West Germany place an extra row of candles high up in the windows. These burn long and bright, each steady flame glowing out into the dark winter's night. The flames speak silently.

They speak across the miles of snow-covered countryside, across the borders and barbed-wire fences riddled with hidden explosive mines, past the guards and machine-guns, right to the hearts of their brothers in East Germany telling that this hope, this faith, this love is as pure and strong as ever.

The tradition was started by Ernst Reuter, who was the first Mayor of West Berlin, in 1948. He suggested the placing of lighted candles in the windows as a symbolic gesture to the German soldiers who were still held in Russian prison camps. Now the candles signify remembrance or respect on any deeply meaningful event.

At the time of President Kennedy's death one could see lighted candles in the windows of homes throughout West Berlin, and some could be seen across the Wall in East Berlin.

On New Year's Eve I visited friends, a family in East Berlin. They were all excited, as practically every day since the Wall reopened they had droves of relatives visiting them and bringing the greatest gift of all, family unity and happiness.

"Look," said the lady of the house, "at the lovely material my sister brought me from West Berlin. And isn't this calendar of classical paintings beautiful?"

Taking a look around the room, I noticed baskets of

Family unity was the best of all Christmas gifts

oranges, bananas, and other "warm land" fruits that are extremely difficult to come by in East Berlin.

And good coffee, and cocoa, and chocolates — all of which in East Berlin are either of poor quality or about three times more expensive.

I asked for her opinion on the opening of the Wall. "Wonderful, oh, it is so wonderful to see the family again. It is just a pity that it is for such a short time — all the relatives have to come at the same time."

"Do you know," she went on, "that our relatives have had to stand in line for up to 15 hours, just waiting to fill in an application form in order to visit us?"

The West Berliners certainly did have to go through a time-consuming process to obtain the visitor's pass.

Twelve school buildings in West Berlin were set up as regional application centres for the two weeks. They were staffed by members of the postal services of East Berlin, and the applications were taken into the eastern sector for checking.

The passes given were to East Berlin only, but many people living elsewhere in East Germany obtained permission to come to the city.

In this way they were able to meet relatives coming over from the West.

Each of the schools was packed with West Berlin applicants. Long queues shuffled in the snow waiting, waiting, conversing, antici-

pating, coughing clouds of white air into the chill morning.

When the West Berliners obtained their visitor's pass they crossed to East Berlin through one of five control-points set up to handle the influx. One was at the main railway station in East Berlin; the others were at various points along the wall — at Sonnenallee, Invalidenstrasse, Chausseestrasse, and Oberbaumbrücke.

The two weeks brought amazing color to East Berlin.

Usually it is a grey city. You get the feeling that everything is slow. There's no atmosphere of movement or speed, no laughter or excitement in the faces. Shops are poorly stocked. Materials and goods are not of high quality or good design. Fashions are unimaginative.

These conditions are all the more noticeable because the Berlin on the other side of the Wall is a sophisticated swift-moving city, full of color and fashion, with well-dressed people and huge modern stores.

During those two weeks the West Germans flooding early each day into East Berlin brought with them a certain spark of liveliness

which the East Berliners seemed to catch.

You could pick out the groups of East and West Berliners walking together down the city streets. They would all be talking enthusiastically, laughing, telling of things that have happened since they last saw one another more than two years ago.

Little children played with their cousins "from the other side" for the first time. Teenagers talked fashions, pop tunes, and Twist. Students talked about art and modern jazz. Adults discussed families, travel, jobs, their health.

And perhaps, in private, they talked about politics.

Hundreds of cars from the West moved through the streets, their modern designs and colors forming a startling contrast to the usually drab and heavy lines and colors of cars made in East Germany and other Communist countries.

The main railway station was packed with people from the West on their way to visit the homes of relatives living farther out from the centre. Everywhere was the

"I think you will be able to imagine how it was"

feeling of life rejuvenated, the soft but busy chatter of happy conversation, now and again a burst of laughter, an exclamation of surprise, and always talk, talk, talk, news, news, news.

The family I visited in East Berlin live in a district which takes about half an hour to reach by train from

the centre of the city. When I was returning at eleven at night, each station along the route back was crowded with West Berliners.

They were returning to the control-points through which they must pass before midnight — the deadline at which time their visiting pass expired.

Sitting opposite me was a middle-aged man who, after staring a bit, leaned forward and said, "You're not from here, are you? You're from West Berlin?"

I told him that I was living in West Berlin but that I was a foreigner and came from Australia.

He reacted with the usual complete astonishment, and then bombarded me with questions about my country. Was it always very hot? Was it true that herds of kangaroos thunder through the city streets? What was I doing here, didn't I like my country?

When I explained that I did like my country, but that I was travelling for a year or two to see other lands, he was silent for a minute before saying, "You're very lucky. It is hard enough for us to travel

Well, that's where I worked in a factory for twenty years."

I said, "And you don't work there any more?"

"No," he replied bitterly, "because a couple of years ago a wall appeared."

On the same train I spoke with a young mother from West Berlin, who had her 18-month-old baby son with her. She was returning home after having visited her grandfather in a suburb of East Berlin.

I asked how he had reacted to meeting his great-grandson for the first time. She smiled and said, "I think you will be able to imagine how it was."

When we reached the main station there were streams of visitors heading toward their respective control-points — the West Berliners to theirs, the West Germans to theirs, and the *auslanders*, foreigners, to theirs.

At the entrance to each control-point was the usual touching scene of farewell, East Berliners embracing relatives or friends who must again leave them and return to the West.

The last final hug and kiss. The silent goodbyes which said more than words. And then the East Berliners stood and watched their loved ones disappearing down the steps into the underground control-point.

At the bottom of the steps a final long look of "goodbye." Sometimes the sound of soft sobbing, or the sight of a handkerchief quickly wiping away a tear.

But always it was with a brave smile that they parted, while the hopeful words "*bis bald*," "till shortly," hovered on trembling lips.





IN CANBERRA. From left, Miss Sheila Massand, sister of the High Commissioner for India; Madame Tran Van Lam, wife of the Vietnamese Ambassador; and Mrs. Dong Whan Lee, wife of the Korean Ambassador, at the reception at the Philippines Embassy after the marriage of Miss Eugenia Espeleta to Mr. Augusto Villanueva, at St. Christopher's Pro-Cathedral.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Winter and their attendants, Mrs. Mark Garner, Miss Margaret Kemp, Miss Rosemary Morgan-Hunn, Mr. Richard Gully, and flowergirl Teryll Goudge after their marriage at St. Andrew's Cathedral. The bride was formerly Miss Janet Goudge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Goudge, of Meadowbank.



AT LEFT: Miss Priscilla Boundy and Mr. David Weedon, who have announced their engagement. Miss Boundy is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Charles Phillips, of Woollahra, and the late Mr. Fergus Boundy, and her fiancé is the only son of Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Weedon, of "Walua Station," Breadalbane.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy with their bridesmaids, Miss Margaret Gold and Miss Patricia Guest, leaving St. John's Chapel, University of Sydney, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Diane Seahill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seahill, of Marrickville. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kennedy, of "Templemore," Boggabri.



AT LEFT: Just engaged, Miss Elizabeth Burgin and Dr. Wallace Watson. Miss Burgin is the daughter of Commander and Mrs. Harold Burgin, of Killara, and her fiancé is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Heyworth Watson, of Toorak, Melbourne.

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

BACK home in Sydney to live after 14 years, Mrs. O. H. Becher, wife of the new Flag Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet, Rear-Admiral Becher, has already settled in with her family in their new home in Wylde Street, Potts Point.

"But don't think I've been out of Australia all that time," she said. "I've been back and forth between England and Australia several times, but this is the first time I've actually lived in Sydney."

The magnificent view of the harbor from the window of their three-bedroom top-floor flat, which they "inherited" from their predecessors, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. W. R. McNicoll, has completely captivated them all.

The family consists of their youngest son, Geoffrey, their eldest son, Andrew, and his wife, Lenore, who are staying with them while they look for a place of their own.

A third son, Michael, lives in Paris, where he teaches English in a French school.

THE terrace house at Woollahra into which

Mr. and Mrs. Ross McFadyen and their small son, Lionel, have moved, sounds absolutely charming. There's a sunny backyard which very soon will have a lawn, pool, and sandpit for Lionel to play in. Mr. and Mrs. McFadyen, who was formerly Judy Lindsay, of "Mungeribar," Narromine, arrived in Sydney in December after two years' residence in Brisbane.

SPEAKING of houses, guests at the party

Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Coppleson are giving on January 16 will be able to see what they've accomplished in the wonderful 100-year-old two-storey house they've been busy doing up. It is named, romantically, Fairlight House, and the all-white scheme in the main rooms and red silk wallpaper in the dining-room should provide a marvellous background for their beautiful old furniture. Officially the party is in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Talbot, parents of Mrs. Frank Kelly, who are here from England on a six-week visit.

A PICTURE of sartorial elegance at Canberra parties in his beautifully tailored morning suit, the United States Ambassador, Mr. William C. Battle, confessed to me that it has been handed down from father to son for three generations. Originally made for his grandfather, Henry Wilson, a minister, "who I'm sure preached many a sermon in it," the suit was also worn by his father, John S. Battle, in 1948 for his inauguration as Governor of Virginia. It has remained in style — and fitted the three owners exactly, without the slightest alteration being needed.

THE luncheon party Mrs. Russell Hauslaib is arranging for January 21 at her home in Point Piper in honor of visitor from America Mrs. Gwen O'Brien sounds fun. If it's a fine day guests will help themselves from a buffet table set under the trees in the garden overlooking Rose Bay. Mrs. O'Brien, who is staying with the Ben Wilsons and the Rudi Tolnays for the month she is here, lived in Sydney for some years, so there's sure to be lots of reminiscing during the party.

FOLLOWING their marriage in Melbourne at the end of February, Ian Farquhar-Smith and Hilda Dun, who recently announced their engagement, will make their home on Ian's property near Cobbitty. He is the younger son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Charles Farquhar-Smith, of Eastwood, and Hilda is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Barney Dun, of Hawthorn.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Pullen at the reception which followed their marriage at St. John's Church, Canberra. The bride, who was formerly Miss Rita Gilbert, was attended by Miss Ann Nichols and Miss Jeannie Keays.

IT will be a reunion for Mr. Walter Bunning and his brother, Mr. Neville Bunning, the sculptor, when they meet at Merimbula on January 20. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bunning motor down from their home at Mosman on January 19 for a ten-day stay and the Neville Bunnings, who recently moved from Ballarat to settle permanently in their beach house, are already there.

MR. and Mrs. Ken Cohen were most surprised to find a "tenant" already in the house at Palm Beach when they moved in with their three children, Libby, Andrew, and Phillip, for two weeks. The intruder — a small grey cat with loads of personality — has adopted the family and looks like going home with them to Killara this week.

A NURSING job at the Gattineau War Memorial Hospital at Wakefield, Ottawa, awaits Caroline Fothergill, who sails in Oronsay on January 23 for two years abroad. After 10 months in Canada, Caroline plans to travel through the United States and then go on to England. Her travelling companion as far as Canada is former schoolfriend Paddy Glynn, of Murwillumbah.

THE picturesque gardens surrounding the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Lance, at Darling Point, will be the setting for the reception following Jan Logan's marriage with Colin Snodgrass on February 15 at St. David's Church, Lindfield. The wedding is at 3 p.m., so, weather permitting, guests will be able to admire the superb harbor views from the gardens and the terrace leading off the main reception room. Jan will be attended by Amelia Whereat and Joan Snodgrass, and will have her niece, Fiona Lance, and Louise Capel as flowergirls.

A CONTINGENT of North Shore husbands is travelling down to the beach each Friday to spend the weekend with their families and motoring up to town again on Monday to face another week's work. Two are Mr. Charles Andronicus, whose wife and three children, John, Karen, and Grant, are staying at Paradise Beach for two weeks, and Mr. Peter Hodgson, whose wife and four children are at Bilgola for a holiday.

—MOLLIE LYONS

• Ita Buttrose is on holidays.



INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Building-material suppliers

By MARY BROKER

● Just before Christmas I explained to you that the home-building industry could expect rising fortunes in the years ahead, because of Government support.

We have already discussed home builders — A. V. Jennings and Consolidated Homes — and this week I am going to talk about two first-class companies who supply building materials.

THE first is P.G.H. Industries Ltd., which began in 1949 as a ceramics company making tiles and other clay products. Since then it has extended its activities by merging with other companies, and today manufactures many types of building and construction materials, as well as furniture and other wood products.

Net profit has risen every year, earning rate was high even during the credit squeeze, and dividends are generous.

Net profit	Earning rate	Dividend
	1961	
£169,000	24.5%	15.5-6%
	1962	
£242,000	23.9%	16.2-3%
	1963	
£308,000	24.1%	16.2-3%

Added to this, a one-for-five new issue of 5/- ordinary shares was made last year at 4/- premium, so that if you had held 100 shares you would have received 20 new shares at a total cost of only £9.

There are two things which really impress me about P.G.H.:

● It is one of the few Australian companies to issue accurate quarterly reports of net profits, and to give an honest appraisal every three months of the situation within the industry.

We therefore know that group net profit for the first quarter of the current year, up to September 30, was £72,035, against £60,439 for the previous corresponding period, indicating another record profit in 1964.

● It is a company which obviously knows just where it is going and does not rush into take-overs helter-skelter, which has been the downfall of many other groups.

In May, 1961, the group was reorganised, and the chairman said at the time: "New companies have been added to the P.G.H. Industries Group only when they fitted clearly into a planned growth pattern."

For this reason, difficulties usually associated with rapid growth have been kept to a minimum.

"This major reorganisation of P.G.H. is designed to ensure that our company is prepared to face the new conditions of the future."

Shares at time of writing are priced around 24/-, which was the high point for 1963. One hundred would cost you £122, and prospects for capital appreciation over the next few years seem excellent. Dividend return is £4/3/5 a year.

One of the heavyweights in the building field is James Hardie Asbestos Ltd., manufacturers of asbestos-cement products, pipes, and insulation materials.

The main attraction in this stock is its enormous hidden reserves, which the company continues to build up.

For instance, last year tax provision was shown in the accounts to be almost 50 per cent. higher than it should have been at public company taxation rates. On this figure, indicated profit is about £1½ million — almost twice the disclosed figure of £709,000.

Going even further, profit before depreciation and tax in the year to March 31, 1963, was £3,369,000 — or 101.1% on capital. This rate, I think, is a record among Australian companies.

These huge hidden reserves naturally lead everyone to expect another bonus issue. The market has, in

fact, been anticipating this ever since the one-for-two bonus in 1959.

But disregarding all these manipulations of figures, and just looking at the stated profit, the record has been very impressive. Not many companies associated with the building industry managed to weather the credit squeeze so well—even the redoubtable P.G.H. suffered a slight fall in earning rate.

Here are the figures (I give the tax provision to point out what I discussed above):

In 1961 the net profit was £573,000, tax provision £821,000, earning rate 17.2%, and dividend 10%. In 1962 net profit was £699,000, tax provision £862,000, earning rate 18.3%, dividend 10%.

And in 1963 net profit was £709,000, tax provision £1,000,000, earning rate 21.3%, and dividend 10%.

You will note that the tax provision in every year is substantially higher than net profit.

As I said before, James Hardie is among the heavyweights, and £1 shares are priced at £6/15/-. However, at this price a marketable parcel is only 25 shares, which would cost close to £170.

Dividend return is low at £2/10/- a year — but remember the bonus issue in the offing.

Takeover bid improves an already bright prospect

YOU may remember a few weeks ago that Cargo Distributors shares were recommended in this column. I do hope some of you bought them, because it was announced recently that a takeover bid of 20/- a share had been received.

The bidder is Transport Development Group Ltd., of London, and the bid has an alternative of one 5/- share in Transport Development plus 3/- cash.

Transport Development shares are currently priced at 14/3 in London, making the share-exchange offer worth about 20/9 Australian.

I would advise you to accept the share-exchange offer, since Transport Development is apparently a very successful company.

Some months ago Plessey (an English electronics company) made a similar offer for Ducon Industries of Australia, and those who accepted the shares in Plessey have at this stage almost doubled their money.



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: "Isn't it a shame we don't take a lesson from the ants and save? Everyone is trying to live beyond his income. Keeping up with the Joneses seems to have become a national pastime. And just who are these people named Jones that we have to keep up with, anyway? And why? And how many times have you heard this recently: It's just getting impossible to make both ends meet? You hardly ever heard that expression in the old days. So the next time you see something you just must have, wait a day or two or even a week. And I think you will find it wasn't that important after all."

Momma's Moral: . . . The only person who should have trouble making both ends meet is an acrobatic dancer with rheumatism.

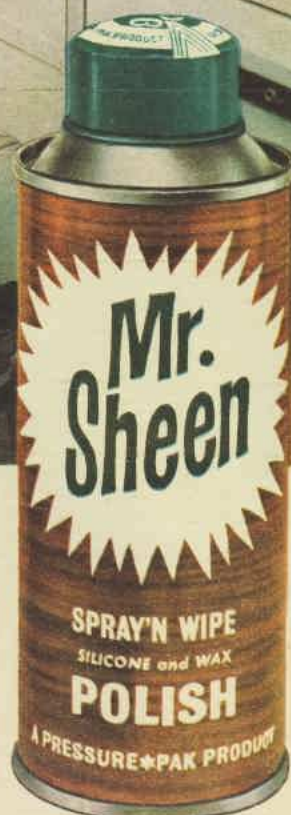


Mr Sheen cleans and polishes most surfaces

Mr. Sheen spray 'n' wipe polish gives a brilliant protective sheen to just about everything you clean! Mr. SHEEN: Cleans and brightens refrigerators
☐ Protects washing machines. Mr. Sheen instantly removes soap deposits and stains, and leaves a protective silicone shine
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☐ Makes your wall tiles and plastic surfaces gleam
☐ Puts an added sparkle on your chrome . . . removes all trace of smears and fingerprints. When you next use Mr. Sheen to give your furniture a lustrous mirror shine, remember there are dozens of other cleaning jobs where Mr. Sheen will save you work as well!

Only
6/6

SPRAY ON MR SHEEN — WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE



DID YOU KNOW?

ONE of England's top TV quiz programmes, "Double Your Money," is taking contestants on a Commonwealth treasure trail this year.

Would-be contestants first have to answer test papers on Commonwealth affairs before they are interviewed and selected for the programme. The champion and runner-up (all between 17 and 19 years old) answer the first test question in London, then the challenger will be flown round the Commonwealth.

The £64 question will be asked at the Taj Mahal in India, the £125 question in New Zealand, the £250 in Sydney, the £500 in Nelson's Dockyard at Antigua, in the West Indies, and the £1000 question at Niagara Falls in Canada.

If the challenger fails to give the correct answer one of the runners-up will be flown out to take his place on the Commonwealth treasure trail.

★
★
★
THEODORE WHITE'S Pulitzer Prize-winning "The Making Of The President—1960" is in production as a television documentary special. The programme deals with the campaign and subsequent election of President John F. Kennedy. A leading American journalist, White was a member of the Kennedy entourage during the campaign. David Wolper, producer of the programme, is now being encouraged to rush its completion, both by the ABC-TV network and the programme's commercial sponsor.

★
★
★
FABIAN, the young singer-turned-actor, is being considered for a new television series, "Young Diplomats," about two young men starting out on State Department careers.

Television

★
★
★
AMERICA'S Science Fairs — in which more than a million high-school students participate annually—are to be the basis of a new TV series on the A.B.C. network. The 30-minute programme will present projects constructed by the science-minded youngsters, and, by presenting their achievements entertainingly, aim to get "still more students into the hands of science teachers."

The previewed first programme used as one of its four cameras one made by a 16-year-old boy, Norman Alquist, of Seattle, out of electronic parts he picked up for 40 dollars. A new studio camera normally costs 30,000 dollars. Norman manned his camera, too, during the filming of the programme.

★
★
★
RECENT top-line news stories in England gave British A.B.C. the idea for a new drama series with a Press background, to be launched in the New Year. It will be called "Scandal," which is the name of a tough irreverent avant garde weekly determined to take the lid off any political or social story that seems to need investigation.

Most of the first scripts will be written by Allan Prior, one of the top "Z Cars" writers, and the magazine editor will be played by actor Andrew Faulds, who has some personal experience of political affairs, as he recently stood as parliamentary candidate at a Stratford-on-Avon by-election.

★
★
★
FORMER British musical comedy star (Two-ton) Tessie O'Shea stole the show when she opened in New York in the new Noel Coward Broadway musical, "The Girl Who Came to Supper." Ed Sullivan promptly engaged her for his television variety show. Thirty-four members of the Broadway cast of the musical will join Miss O'Shea on the Sullivan Show.

★
★
★
WHILE John Huston was directing Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, and Sue Lyon in "Night of the Iguana," on location in Mexico, he was being filmed for a TV profile titled "The Director."

The disc Frank won't forget

By NAN MUSGROVE

● *Television in Australia is of a high standard, according to singer Frank Ifield, who has just been home to Australia for a triumph-packed fortnight fitted into a round-the-world working tour.*

LOOKING at TV here I would say we get the best British and American shows available," he said. "And the local live shows I have seen are of a very high standard, too.

"I have just made two shows here for TCN9. And I came straight here from being guest star on Ed Sullivan's Christmas Special in New York.

"I also make two Frank Ifield TV spectaculars from the London Palladium each year.

"You get a pretty uniform show round the world these days on TV.

"TV in Australia is learning every day by the mistakes in British and American TV. They in turn learn from mistakes made in Australia, and so it goes until you get a pretty uniform standard all over."

Frank Ifield himself has reached international standard. I remember him round all the live TV shows in the early days of Australian TV as a young, rather brash singer.

"Eats you up"

His first appearance on TV was in September, 1956, during the first week of TV in Australia, when he appeared on TCN9 in a show called "Campfire Favorites."

From then until 1959 it was rare not to see him as a guest star on one or other of the musical shows on the Sydney channels. Often he was on all three in one week.

That is something that will never happen again. The Frank Ifield who has

come home after four years' tough experience and hard work that has reaped him international fame is far more canny.

"TV just eats you up," he said. "You've got to be careful of over-exposure. These days I would never make more than two Frank Ifield spectaculars a year in Britain."

Frank looks much the same as he did before he left, but has such poise and quiet assurance that you wouldn't believe him to be the same person.

He's 26 now, stands 6ft.

the yodel or a yodeller with a touch of the singer — just whichever you prefer. He has his own style, he doesn't imitate.

You may like the Ifield style, you may not. Millions love it.

"I Remember You," his most famous record, is an excellent example of the Ifield technique and a popular one the world over. It is popular with Frank, too.

He made his first record when he was just 15, an epic called "Did You See My Daddy, Mr. Soldier?"

Since "I Remember You" he has had a practically non-stop engagement at the London Palladium, the mecca of variety stars, appeared in the big prestige charity London show "Night of a Thousand Stars" in such exalted company as Peter O'Toole, of "Lawrence of Arabia," Jack Hawkins, and Sir Laurence Olivier, and had two other top-of-the-hit-parade records, "Lovesick Blues" and "Wayward Wind."

I asked him were reports true that he was now a millionaire.

He looked at me and said rather cautiously, "I don't exactly know what a millionaire is. Do you understand it to mean that I have a million pounds?"

When I said an emphatic yes, he said just as emphatically that he didn't have that much money.

I explained that he could be a millionaire in dollars, pounds sterling, or Australian pounds and he grinned and said, "How about Japanese yen? I could probably manage that."

Frank has been working at the London Palladium for the past seven months at a reputed salary of £1000 a week, so I asked him about that, too.

He doesn't know how much he earns, he says. It is hard to believe that anyone can reach that enviable state, but he makes it sound true. He knows he makes a lot of money and says he now doesn't have to worry about the actual amount he makes.

Frank, who should now be up to his eyes in a one-night stand tour of New Zealand, made two TV shows while he was here. One was last



FRANK IFIELD

week's Frank Ifield Special, shown nationally on the Channel 9 network.

It was a smoothly produced show, filmed mostly on Bilgola Beach. He wandered round singing seven of his popular songs, and it had a pleasant musical-comedy quality.

I saw Frank early one morning at the end of his stay here, while he was still drinking his morning coffee and facing a day with scarcely a free moment.

His big regret was that he hadn't been able to spend more time with his family at Beecroft.

He is one of six brothers. There is Jim, the eldest, who Frank says is round 29 ("I'm a bit out of touch with the birthdays," he explained), and then in order of birth, John, Frank, 26, Robert, Colin, and David, 18.

The Ifields couldn't be described as a marrying family. The second brother, John, is married and Colin is engaged. The rest, including Frank, are bachelors.

Frank says he wants to stay that way for a while. He surprised me when I asked him about his romantic life by saying he had three special girls.

I asked him was there an Australian among them, and he surprised me again by saying the three were in England, but, of course, he'd been taking out Australian girls since he had been back.

"I'm just playing the field," he said. "I don't want to marry anyone at the minute, but when I do, I want to marry the right girl."



Television



tall, is a slender 12 stone. He is a sandy blond; his rather reddish complexion still has traces of fading freckles that make it easy to imagine him as a kid on a milkrun.

He's an Australian with an Australian passport. The current story that he is an English migrant arose because his Australian parents were in England when he was born.

He was born in Coventry, where his father, an engineer, was then working, and Frank lived there with the family till he was nine.

When they came back to Australia, the Ifields lived at Dural, on the rural outskirts of Sydney, and later at Carlingford, where Frank got his Intermediate Certificate and took to show business full time.

Frank is a singer-yodeller — a singer with a touch of

"That was a very big one for me at the time," Frank said, "it paved the way to making other records."

The "other records" did well enough, and in June, 1962, two and a half years after he arrived in England, came "I Remember You."

And this is what happened:

● He won international recognition as a singer.

● 2,000,000 copies of the record were sold.

● He won the Melody Maker Award with the record, the top prestige award in Britain, awarded on the votes of Britain's music columnists and critics.

● It won an award by the Record Retailers of Great Britain as the best top single of the year 1962-63.

● He was chosen for the 1963 Royal Command performance.

● He made £44,000 sterling out of it.

The two Ena Sharples



ENA SHARPLES, of Rodd Point, N.S.W., has a namesake.

SYDNEY'S TCN9 was thrown into a spin after the publication of last week's edition of The Australian Women's Weekly, when Ena Sharples rang their publicity department about "Coronation Street," Britain's popular TV serial, which starts on January 29 at 9 p.m.

Ena Sharples is the main character in "Coronation Street," a dominating and formidable dragon who rules the street's Glad Tidings Mission Hall, but the Ena Sharples who rang TCN9 was real, an Australian housewife who lives at Rodd Point, a Sydney suburb.

Mrs. Sharples will be the guest of honor at the "Coronation Street" preview at TCN9 for people who live in streets that have Coronation in their title.

Mrs. Sharples doesn't qualify really—she lives in First Avenue. But her husband, Jim, a park supervisor, takes care of Coronation Gardens at Broadway, Enfield.

Mrs. Sharples has other things in common with her fictitious namesake of Coronation Street — she is up to her eyes in church work and teaches Sunday School.

Her husband's people, too, came from Lancashire, the English county in which "Coronation Street" is set, and Mrs. Sharples confessed that in her family, like the fictitious Ena, she's known for her dominating nature.



ENA SHARPLES (Violet Carson) of "Coronation Street."

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

***** Wuh WINIFRED MUNDAY *****

★★ THE FAST LADY ★★ McLINTOCK

A colored British comedy with newcomer Stanley Baxter as a redheaded Scot determined to win the hand of car manufacturer James Robertson Justice's daughter by buying and learning to drive a vintage Bentley, "The Fast Lady."

This is in the "Genevieve" tradition, with lots of hilarity when the boy takes his driving test.

No great acting, and this is not a film to tax the intelligence, but it's just the thing for relaxing on a hot summer evening.—Embassy, Sydney.

In a word... MIRTHFUL.

This comedy Western has John Wayne as a cattle baron estranged from his fiery redheaded wife (Maureen O'Hara). When their daughter comes home from school the two meet and thus begins a series of hilarious fights and battles. Wayne goes on drinking bouts, and this leads to fights, too. But everything is good-humored and often very funny, with some lovely scenery in the American cattle country. Chill Wills, as the faithful retainer, eggs the fighters on to a happy reunion. —Regent, Sydney.

In a word... HILARIOUS.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 22, 1964



it's marvellous what a difference **ICED MILO** makes!

Keep the family absolutely jumping with energy right through the heat of summer... with delicious, instantly refreshing ICED MILO. It's the perfect summer tonic. Milo relaxes nerves, replaces used-up energy, gives you that extra pep to enjoy summer to the full. Serve chocolatey ICED MILO today, and see what a marvellous difference Milo makes to everyone.

Page 20

WHY MILO IS SO GOOD FOR YOU

Malted Cereal: Provides energy food with tonic properties.

Vitamin A: Helps prevent infection, aids growth, maintains vigour.

Vitamin B: Promotes the appetite and improves the digestion.

Vitamin D: Helps the body to utilise the minerals; calcium magnesium, phosphorus. **Iron:** Helps keep blood healthy.

Calcium/Magnesium/Phosphorus: Helps develop strong bones and teeth. Magnesium also helps strengthen nerve cells.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 22, 1964



A WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE

● The ABC-TV studios at Sydney's Gore Hill present a bland, conventional picture to the adjoining highway and the guests and artists who throng its public rooms and big studios. But behind it is another world.

IT is a fascinating world, peopled with men who slave at the details that help keep viewers happy, craftsmen who are artists at their jobs.

Recently one of them, Stanley Woolveridge, gave me one of the most interesting mornings I have ever spent showing me round his domain, housed in a huge corrugated asbestos building at the back of the main studios.

Mr. Woolveridge is Staging Supervisor for the A.B.C., which means that he is in charge of turning out the scenery designed and ordered by producers and designers for all A.B.C. live shows.

If money grew on trees, this would be an easy job, but, as Mr. Woolveridge explained, he has to work within a budget.

"I have to give ABC-TV designers and producers the maximum in design and realism possible within their budget," he said.

"To do this I am always looking for new ideas to bring into the TV industry that will achieve good effects economically — economically in man hours and labor as well as in money.

"These days viewers won't accept a painted backdrop. A building made of bricks painted on a canvas backdrop looks like a house made of painted bricks.

"That is no good."

The problem of building a solid-looking house for the equivalent cost of that of a painted canvas one didn't stump Mr. Woolveridge. He did it after a lot of thought and experiment.

When his experiments were over, one of the things he did without turning a hair was build the old Sydney barracks in York Street near Wynyard in Sydney sandstone at sixpence a foot.

What is more, it looked as solid and enduring as the original barracks, while, in fact, it was polystyrene only as thick as the page you are reading.

The members of the New South Wales Corps stamped in and out of it regardless during the telecasting of one of the A.B.C.'s Australian historical series, "The Patriots."

The sandstone was a triumph, made by the machine that Mr. Woolveridge had successfully experimented with.

Just at this stage of our talk, a steady hummm-clunk floated up from the floor below us and Mr. Woolveridge, who hails from Hertfordshire, England, beamed at me.



Television



"That's her," he said, "she's going. Making textured bricks."

The "her" he referred to is his adaptation of an industrial vacuum form machine, or what I have heard referred to as the A.B.C.'s jelly baby machine.

You may remember those two-a-penny jelly babies you see in halfpenny lines shops? That is where it gets its nickname.

The first jelly babies Mr. Woolveridge made were for the live opera "The Pearl Fishers," when, in an exciting morning, he stamped out hundreds of voluptuous goddesses to line the walls of a temple. They were beautiful.

The second lot of jelly babies made — the gingerbread boys and girls who encircled the witch's garden and house in "Hansel and Gretel"—were the ones that caught my eye and made me investigate how such fascinating things came into being.

The picture, at right above, shows what beautiful things they are.

In industry, vacuum force machines are used for much more mundane things, stamping out refrigerator bodies, baths, plastic buckets, and so on. But things are different in Mr. Woolveridge's department.

I could hardly wait to see the machine and hurried downstairs with Mr. Woolveridge to see him take over and stamp out 6 x 3 slabs of textured bricks every 15 seconds.

It was like a fantasy. I could imagine house-hungry people getting into the A.B.C. and bringing the Three Little Pigs up to date by building their house of polystyrene bricks, a pushover for any wolf.

But I was really more interested in jelly babies than



QUAINT GINGERBREAD GIRL AND BOY (at right) were made by the A.B.C.'s jelly-baby machine for the production of Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," telecast recently in all States. At left are the opera's two principals, Hansel and Gretel, played by Brian Gilbert and Jacki Weaver. They mimed the parts, which were sung by Marilyn Richardson (Hansel) and Janet Rutledge (Gretel.)

housing, and Mr. Woolveridge introduced me to the man who carved them, in caneite, Mr. Douglas Young, a Scot and specialist property maker.

Mr. Young took a gingerbread boy in caneite out of the filing shelves. It looked defenceless and rather pathetic without its veneer of paint and I inquired anxiously about the gingerbread girl.

It was a sad story. If you look at the picture you will see how to tell boys from girls — girls wear skirts, boys wear pants. There was only one model. It was female at first. When sufficient girls were stamped out, Mr. Young got to work, carved off the skirt, and, hey-presto, boys!

The figures are carved and painted to the sketches and specifications of producers or designers and painted by scenic artists or set finishers.

Scenic artists, for instance, did the quaint patterns on the gingerbread girls and boys, set finishers wheeled into the sandstone and textured brick walls.

Economy is not the only advantage gained with this revolutionary new concept of TV scenery. It is light to move, cheap to airfreight round the A.B.C.'s Commonwealth-wide network, clean and good to handle.

Mr. Woolveridge told me that the alternatives to such scenery are painted backdrops, heavy and cumbersome plaster of paris scenery, or expensive fibreglass material which is favored by the B.B.C.

Mr. Woolveridge designed the jelly-baby machine to meet A.B.C. specifications for TV work and got a Melbourne manufacturer to make it.

When it was completed he found he had an efficient machine which gave him a very cheap form of two-dimensional scenery.

The prototype in Melbourne was the only machine the A.B.C. had for some time, but now Mr. Woolveridge has the new model, which cost about £2500, installed at Sydney's Gore Hill studios and doing fine work.

I was astounded at the delicacy of some of the work. Mr. Woolveridge showed me a collection of beautiful gold medallions used to decorate sword scabbards in a recent production of "The Tempest."

They looked and glittered like gold, but were gilded polystyrene, made from carvings copied from famous designs.

The jelly-baby machine, though, is right abreast of the space age, too. Recently it stamped out part of the silvery roof and interior of a fabulous spaceship produced for the ABC-TV's new space serial, "The Stranger."

From what I see and hear there is no end to its versatility guided by the bright mind of its adapter, Stanley Woolveridge.

— Nan Musgrove



OFFICERS in "The Patriots," at the Barracks which were built of "Sydney sandstone" turned out by the versatile scenery machine at 6d a foot.



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Scots Guards Band on parade

[coming to Australia]

● When Australians see the grandeur, complexity, and magnificence of the Scots Guards Band on parade next year, they may find it hard to believe that this vast musical organisation grew from the idea of eight negro musicians.

EMPLOYED merely to play the troops from their barracks to the Palace for guard duties, the "hautbois," as they were called, are mentioned in the earliest records of the Scots Guards, in the late 17th century.

They wore a uniform not unlike the gold-braided State dress of the present-day drum-major of the Brigade.

But this is the only similarity which remains. The band which will tour New Zealand and Australia from January 13 until mid-April is comprised of 46 musicians and 17 pipers and drummers under the baton of their musical director, Captain James H. Howe, L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M.

They pride themselves as being the most versatile of all five Royal Guards Bands, playing everything from opera to jazz, Highland reels to light musical comedy.

Australia will see them perform their intricate part in the ceremonies of Trooping The Color (usually seen only on the Queen's Birthday) and Changing Of The Guard.

The Changing Of The Guard ceremony might be regarded as their regular "household chore." Alternating with the other four Guards Bands, they perform it before Buckingham Palace at least 60 times each year.

During the 12-week tour of Australasia they will no doubt increase this average.

They may also lose a little personal weight, marching and playing in the heat.

The sum total of their uniforms, instruments, and music is 5500lb., of which 130lb. is headgear — their towering, insulated-against-London-cold bearskins.

"I might tell you I'm a bit worried about some of the lads carrying all that about with them in that Australian climate," Lance-Sergeant R. Waterworth told me.

"Not all of them will be used to the tropics,"

Lance-Sergeant Waterworth is. He was in Singapore when the war broke out, and by then had done three years of tropical duty with a regimental line band.

He dropped his trombone, picked up a stretcher, and became a combatant in the wink of an eye.

"After that I really learnt what the tropics were like."

"It was Malta, Cyprus, and then Egypt, where I was with the Aussies a lot of the time."

"Mind you, I wasn't wearing a bearskin then, or the thick red woollen uniforms we'll be using on this trip."

"For all I know I might be the first to faint."

Lance-Sergeant Waterworth might have the best excuse — at 47 he is the oldest member of the band and a grandfather of two.



SCOTS GUARDS BAND. Apart from the pipers and drummers, who remain with the Scots Guards wherever they are posted, the musicians live in their own homes in London. They have to receive Royal permission to leave on a tour like the present one, because their place is with the Sovereign. About 60 per cent. are married.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 22, 1964



CAPTAIN J. H. HOWE (left), the Director of Music, was born in County Durham, north-east England. Only about 10 per cent. of the Scots Guards Band are Scottish born — they're picked for talent.



AT RIGHT, drummers of the Scots Guards Band pictured in London.

But no one in the entire outfit is keener to tour. "I went to Canada and the U.S. with the band in 1955," he said, "when we did concerts in no fewer than 50 towns all over the continent, from Montreal to Texas. "We had a marvellous time, and I don't think I've ever known such hospitality—I doubt if I averaged more than two hours' sleep a night.

"But I wouldn't have missed it for anything. They tell us Australians are just as friendly."

Band-Sergeant Arthur Crozier, who is second in command, is just four years younger. A tall, stern-chinned man of impeccable bearing and quiet dignity, he takes great pride in his job.

By BETTY BEST
of our London Staff

"We regard the band as a family," he told me. "To us it is not just a career.

"Men in regimental line bands are called 'bandmen.' In a Guards Band they have the title of 'musician.'

"To come to a Guards Band from another Army band is always regarded as a promotion, and you go through a pretty stiff audition before you are accepted.

"Promotion is very slow in comparison with other Army jobs because it is a case of waiting to step into dead men's shoes — but it's worth it.

"I joined the Army at 14. It was during the Depression, and things weren't too easy where I came from up north.

"I had my choice of being either a drummer boy or a band boy. I chose the band.

"I had never played an instrument in my life, but the sergeant took one look at my mouth and said: 'You take a clarinet.'

"From that minute I never looked back. I found I had a talent for the instrument. I also had a great urge to travel, and at 15 I was already in Egypt with my regiment.

"In those days we were soldiers first and musicians second, of course.

"I travelled all right. When the war started I didn't like the idea of stretcher-bearing, which all bandmen were trained to do, so I applied for a change and finished up with a machine-gun in Tobruk for nine months with the 6th Australian Division."

He glories in the variety — "one minute we might be mounting guard at the Palace, and then that night be playing in the pit of the Albert Hall for the Festival of Remembrance, or at one of our stations for the Opening of Parliament procession.

"Every one of us must be adaptable and efficient, and enjoy mixing with people.

"Anyone who joins us who is shy does not stay shy long. He finds such a spirit of comradeship all round.

"Then look at this tour — we shall be mixing with hundreds of new people from all walks of life."

The band's youngest member is John Little, who has just had his 20th birthday.

This will be his first long tour, and he looks forward to it as a new chance for making musical contacts.

Also a clarinetist, he is in the somewhat unique position of having joined up four years ago as a pianist.

"I knew when I was 11 that I wanted to be a musician, but hadn't thought of the Army," he said.

"Then one day I just took it into my head to go to the recruiting officer and try my luck.

"The next thing I knew I was taking a two-year course at Kneller Hall, the Royal Military School of Music.

"I met lots of Commonwealth students there, which made me keen to go and see their countries for myself.

"At 18 I had to sign up for nine years of service with the band, and I still have seven more to do. After that I hope to branch out into other musical fields, and a Guards Band is the best way of making contacts."

The Director of Music, Captain James Howe, was at one time playing the cornet with a band in the Crystal Palace as a child prodigy.

He joined Royal Scots as a band boy, and played with them until war broke out and the band broke up.

As a P.O.W. in Stalag 8B he formed a successful orchestra with instruments collected by the Red Cross.

The band will travel more than 30,000 miles on their round-the-world tour.

They open in New Zealand in the first part of January, arrive in Melbourne early in March, and will take part in Adelaide's Arts Festival, playing for the Queen Mother's arrival. Performances are planned also in all the other capital cities.



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(Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours. If you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS



LETTER BOX

We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

School for tots

IN answer to "Puzzled Mum" (Qld.), I would say let your little girl go to kindergarten this year, if she will be accepted at three years of age. I believe some want them a little older. Being away for about three hours a day would not tire her, and the companionship obtained in those few hours seems to make the time at home more enjoyable, giving small children so much to tell about and little things to try and do. For an only child I think it is the answer.

£1/1/- to "Another Only" (name supplied), Port Lincoln, S.A.

★ ★ ★
EVEN a three-year-old needs time to herself. This is when they start to think, observe, and use their imagination. A lot of parents today are too impatient to see their children getting somewhere, and it starts with sending toddlers off to kindergarten. Remember, when today's three-year-olds start school they have an extra year tacked on to their schooldays, so let's not tire them of school before they start. At three she is still a baby and needs her mum.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan A. Smith, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
WHEN my daughter was two-and-a-half, owing to the demands of our business I was unhappily unable to give her the attention I felt she needed, and enrolled her in a local kindergarten. After the first week, she even wanted to go during weekends! The experience, the knowledge gained in organised activities, and the companionship were invaluable.

£1/1/- to "Not Too Young" (name supplied), Lane Cove, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
SEND your little girl to kindergarten by all means. I sent my young daughter at three-and-a-quarter years, and I am all for it, although I was apprehensive at the time. They are taught to share, they love to play games set to music, they become attached to their teachers, and they respond to discipline.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Walkendon, Heidelberg, Vic.

★ ★ ★
"PUZZLED MUM" should wait until her daughter is three-and-a-half to four before sending her to kindergarten. Whenever possible, try to arrange for her to have playmates at home. But two years at kindergarten can lead to boredom, rather than the time of social adjustment: this transition period between home and school should be.

£1/1/- to "Pre-School Teacher" (name supplied), New Town, Tas.

Holiday for Mum

WE have two girls, 14 and 12, and a boy of 10. All have learned to cook and do most domestic chores. Every holiday period for the past 18 months, they have taken over the running of the holiday house or flat for one day each week. They do all the shopping, cooking, washing, etc., from breakfast to bedtime. Meals and outings are planned the day before, and Dad and I are off duty. All three children enjoy "their day," and from our angle they have found out how fast money goes, and are more considerate in their demands.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Audrey Vick, Mitchelton, Qld.

Whose responsibility?

WHEN sons and daughters get married, does this absolve them from all responsibility as far as their parents are concerned? I am wondering if I have the right to expect my brothers and sisters to make a few sacrifices in order to help me to help our parents. Or should I accept the excuse that they now have their own families to think of?

£1/1/- to "Need Advice" (name supplied), Fairfield, N.S.W.

Dental cares

WHEN having a tooth filled at the dentist, I find that I always close my eyes and hold my breath while the tooth is being drilled. Do other readers have such peculiarities of behaviour while in the dentist's chair?

£1/1/- to "Not Really Afraid" (name supplied), Mount Hawthorn, W.A.

Fair distribution

THERE are no more arguments in my family as to who will have the biggest helping of cake or ice-cream. When the servings have been made, one turns his back to the table and another picks up the plate and asks "Who has this?" until all the serves are distributed. Other systems have been tried, but they have never worked as well as this one.

£1/1/- to David Wilkinson, Payneham, S.A.

Scholarships for aborigines

WHILE we all recognise President Kennedy's greatness, let us not rush into erecting memorials and fountains to perpetuate his memory, but let us do so by some more worthwhile means. Scholarships for aborigines have been suggested, and this seems a good idea, considering President Kennedy's concern for negroes in America. Whatever the citizens of each State decide to do, let them make sure that it will be something useful that the late President himself would have desired.

£1/1/- to J.A.Q. (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

CRASH! Something fell and broke on the kitchen floor.

"It's all right, Dad. It's only a peanut-butter glass," my eldest daughter said.

"There's no need to look down on peanut-butter glasses," I replied. "They come in very handy."

Many a visitor to our place has drunk out of these economical glasses with pictures of giraffes and dogs on them. Still, I was glad she had not broken the last of the good tumblers.

Our crockery and glasses have been a motley lot since we smashed the wedding presents.

How pleasant it was in those early days when we had sets of things. I remember a green dinner set, a pink teaset, six coffee cups, six wine glasses. Not to mention matching knives and forks.

What happened to them all? With the plates and glasses it was just like Tennyson's poem — "Break, break, break." Perhaps I was a little careless in those days.

ODD LOTS

I used to dry the dishes with an eye to speed rather than safety.

The teaspoons were among the first wedding presents to go.

My wife insists that I threw them out with the garbage. I believe she shook them out of the tablecloth into the long grass. Perhaps guests souvenired one or two. We have never made a practice of searching guests as they leave, preferring to use the honor system.

While the spoons vanished quietly, the cups went with a bang. Strangely, though we smashed cups right and left, our saucers had a charmed life. We have more saucers than cups now.

After a few years of breaking china and glassware, you find it harder to lay hands on matching things.

I used to worry about this. When we had fastidious people like the Orpingtons to dinner, my wife

would rummage round trying to find coffee cups with matching saucers. I would go through cupboards looking for glasses of the same shape.

But suddenly, not long ago, a change came over my attitude. It was one of those little turning points in life, like when you stop caring about the shape of your nose.

I decided it was hopeless trying to match cups and saucers and plates and glasses. People would have to take our crockery as they found it.

Last time Mr. Orpington came he had his pudding out of a bunny plate. His wife was given a glass with the Australian Hotels' Association badge on it. The coffee cups and saucers were all mixed marriages.

Sometimes in magazines I see pictures of tables set by experts. They look nice enough, but there is one irritating feature: all the plates and glasses match.

The thing is somehow remote from real life. Not a peanut-butter glass is in sight.



SANDRINGHAM (By day the ghosts are invisible).

Shy spirit

• A London columnist reports that Sandringham, the Queen's castle in Norfolk, is haunted. He adds that the ghost has not been seen in the Royal rooms, but confines its activities to below stairs.

No door or partition presents a bar
To ghosts of impeccable standing.
They haunt with aplomb wherever they are,
Though they favor a terrace or landing.

I had always considered the spirit world
As a place where rank would have vanished,
Where never a lip in scorn would be curled,
And snobbery would be banished.

But it stands to reason, the haunting game
Is a highly competitive racket,
And in stately homes the division's the same
Twixt the upper and lower bracket.

So titled spectres have all the space,
Though owners hate to admit it,
But the servants' quarters remain the place
For ghosts of butlers who did it.

—Dorothy Drain

Newspaper ritual

I WONDER if anyone has a husband like mine? He sits with his nose in the paper for an hour or more, while no one must talk or disturb him. Then, when he is finished, he throws the paper away in disgust, proclaiming to all that he doesn't know what a man buys it for, as there is nothing in it.

£1/1/- to "Paper Talk" (name supplied), Deniliquin, N.S.W.

Penalty for re-marriage

THE home a friend helped pay for is, under the terms of her husband's will, left to her only while she remains a widow. I know of several middle-aged and older women who are in the same position. All would have little prospect of marrying again. The general male attitude seems to be that a widow who remarries must start again from scratch and acquire comforts the hard way all over again.

£1/1/- to "Meg" (name supplied), Byron Bay, N.S.W.

Gossip or government?

HOW disappointing it is that with the Federal elections over there is not one woman in the House of Representatives. Other nations have women in responsible government posts. Australian women seem to be completely ignorant about politics and international affairs. Are they interested only in clothes, gossip, home, and children?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Martin, Glenroy, Vic.

WORTH REPORTING

LOIS DROUYN, 17, of Brisbane, says her love of music has been drummed into her from a very early age.

She knows a great deal about drums, because part of the family music firm of Drouyn and Drouyn is concerned with making them.

Their most difficult order, recently completed, was a set of 11 sterling-silver ceremonial drums for the Royal Australian Navy's 50th anniversary.

During spare moments from her job in the record library of a Brisbane radio station, Lois followed the making of the drums from start to finish.

Only the heads are non-Australian. The rest, from the tiniest silver screw to the magnificent crests, ciphers, and badges, were products of Australian industry.

The copper and silver for the sterling-silver alloy came from Broken Hill and Mt. Isa.

A Queensland firm developed a process for etching on the silver. And the sticks were made from Queensland Black Bean.

Said Lois: "Although the company produces a complete range of orchestral, jazz, and parade drums for Australian and overseas orders, this has been, technically, our greatest achievement."

"I don't know who was the most proud — the Navy, the donors, or us!"

Lois, her brother Denis (who has run the firm since their father's death), and her mother were present when the Premier, Mr. Nicklin, presented the side drum to Commander J. Ferguson, Naval Officer-in-Charge, Queensland.

Commander Ferguson pointed out that although the Navy's 50th anniversary was in 1961 the making of ceremonial drums is a time-consuming art requiring much skill and patience — hence the delay in presentation.

Each State is separately presenting one drum to the Navy. The remaining five are the gift of the Commonwealth Government.

On March 2, the Queen Mother will present the whole set to the Navy at a ceremony in Canberra.



● Teenager Lois Drouyn, factory manager Mr. George Meachen (centre), and staff drummer Mr. Murray Hinds with two of the sterling-silver ceremonial drums.

Cold hands he hates!

SYDNEY pianist Robert Weatherburn has only one regret about living in England — he misses Australian sunshine.

Robert has to warm his fingers before he begins practising each day in his Surrey lodgings. He has been preparing for a recital at Australia House this week.

His mother, Mrs. A. Weatherburn, of Warrawee, told us Robert left Sydney in 1960 when he was 21.

"In March, 1961, he made his debut at the Wigmore Hall," she said. "Since then he has been working for the B.B.C. Home Service as well as giving recitals in Holland and Switzerland."

"He practises at least eight hours a day."

"But he's very lucky — he's staying with a wonderful family. They don't mind how long he keeps playing. Or how late."

★ ★ ★
AFTER learning some of the ways in which girls use office equipment in an emergency, we're convinced that woman's ingenuity is at its best when her appearance is involved.

A quick hair-do, for instance — paper clips for pin curls, and bulldog clips to hold styles in place for spray setting.

For darkening eyebrows — a damp brush rubbed on a black typewriter ribbon.

Chipped nail polish? A tiny dab of red ink.

Dusty suede shoes before a date? A quick brush with typewriter-key brush.

Sticky tape is a boon, and so is the stapling machine (we're told) for quick repairs. It's used to mend broken shoulder straps, suspenders, watch straps, and dress hems that have come unstitched!

Wildlife on canvas

AT Hawkhurst in Kent, England, artist Robin Hill is busy preparing for a one-man exhibition at which about 75 per cent. of the paintings will be of Australian birds.

Before he left Australia a few months ago, Robin Hill travelled round the country making bird sketches for his exhibition, which will be held at the Tyron Galleries, London, in June.

Some of his paintings were on show at the same galleries recently in the International Exhibition of Bird Painters.

Born in Brisbane, Robin spent his boyhood in England and returned to Australia when he was 16. He studied art at the National Gallery Painting School in Melbourne and Melbourne Technical College, then "went bush" for three years.

He worked as a boundary rider, blacksmith, gunsmith, shed hand, railway ganger — and watched and sketched birds.

He has since held two one-man exhibitions in Australia, both of which were sell-outs.

The artist turned author in 1962. His book, "Bushland and Seashore," is a delightful record of Australian wildlife, illustrated with his own drawings.

Robin's Australian publishers plan to bring him back home later this year to write a book about Australian birds.

Meantime, he will be exploring the English and Scottish countryside with his wife, actress Betty Bobbitt — and painting British bird-life.



● Bird-painter Robin Hill and his wife outside the Tyron Galleries in London with one of his paintings.



Suzy Parker, star of Columbia's "The Interns", says, "Luscious Lux lather acts like a softener, and soft skin is important, on or off the screen".

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OLYMPIC - THE NAME TO GO ON



5112



Three Women

Life had always been easy for her—a short short story

By IRENE FOSTER



Cynthia chattered away dreamily while the other women were busily sewing.

EVERYONE was dumbfounded when Marian announced last week that she and Matt are going to spend a year in Europe — they are, in fact, leaving the first of next month. You see, Cynthia, Marian's only daughter, is in her sixth month of pregnancy, and it just isn't like Marian to go away and miss the birth of her first grandchild. Other women might be casual or matter-of-fact about this momentous event, but not Marian!

But let me tell you about Marian. She is, although I'm the last person in the world who should say it, a remarkable woman. Some of her friends even call her the ideal woman, and though I've listened carefully there never seems to be an undercurrent of resentment in the phrase. It is true that Marian has achieved everything that the American woman in the second half of the twentieth century holds dear.

Her marriage, now in its twenty-eighth year, has been exceptionally happy, which is not to say that everything has gone smoothly all these years. There have been ups and downs, both financial and emotional, but the point is that Marian and Matt have come through their struggles better for them, with a greater respect and affection for each other and themselves.

You can tell, just looking at them together — at the exchange of a glance, amused or compassionate; at the way each listen to what the other is saying; at the way their hands link when they're standing next to each other, without their even being aware of it — you can tell that theirs is what the authorities call a rich and enduring relationship.

Marian's home is casual yet graceful. It's full of books, flowers, comfortable furniture, and mementoes of their years of full living.

In community work, Marian has achieved that rare balance of giving her best to the community without depriving her own family. She has paced herself, knowing instinctively when to say yes and when to say no.

What is more astonishing, Marian has an identity of her own in her hobby of metal design. People say if she'd give more time to her work she could really be good.

But Marian just smiles when they say that, because, of course, her real interest in life is her family, Matt, the boys, and — Cynthia. Blond and willowy, with Dresden-china features, Cynthia has led a charmed life from the day she was born. She excelled in everything she did — ballet, piano, singing, swimming, riding. And Marian was always there, helping and encouraging her.

After Cynthia finished college, she worked for a while in an interior-design studio and then married Tom — a handsome young architect with a lot of talent but very little money.

Some people, including myself, expected Marian and Matt to urge Cynthia and Tom to wait until he had established himself in his profession, but they didn't.

"They'll get along all right," they assured us. And, of course, we knew they would, for, after all, Matt and Marian were there to give them a helping hand.

So you can see why everyone was so astonished at Marian's announcement about their trip. It was completely out of character. When people called to ask me what I made of it, I had to tell them that, close as I am to Marian, it was all a mystery to me.

So I went over to Marian's this afternoon to see if there was anything I could do to help her get ready and, yes, I might as well admit it, to find out what I could about her decision to leave her daughter stranded in her moment of need.

I was rather disappointed to find Cynthia there, much as I love her, because I could hardly discuss the decision in her presence. Marian was in her sewing-room adjusting hems, and Cynthia was curled up in the big easy chair in the corner, chattering away like a magpie about a party she'd been to, as she had so often done over the years when Marian was working on her sewing. I took up a skirt Marian had already marked and pinned, and I began hemming it.

"Have you gathered up all your things for the baby?" I asked Cynthia.

"Oh, no," she laughed, "I've got all those things you and mother gave me, and I know the girls are planning a couple of showers." She laughed again. "But I'll be down at the shops the day before I go to the hospital, madly buying nappies and whatever else babies wear."

"Babies do come early sometimes," I pointed out.

"Well, if it does," Cynthia answered, "Tom will just have to do the honors." She giggled. "Can't you just see him in a baby department trying to decide how many of everything to buy. He'd probably come home with their entire stock!"

I wondered about the hospital and doctors' bills — if they were being as offhand about them as about the baby clothes. Or perhaps Marian and Matt had already given them a cheque.

"I suppose the hospital and doctors' fees have doubled since Cynthia was born," I said to Marian.

"I don't know what they are, do you, Cynthia?"

Cynthia shrugged. "Dr. Thornton charges two hundred dollars, I think . . . or did he say two hundred and twenty-five dollars? I don't know what the hospital costs."

I knew what Tom's salary was, and I wondered how she could be so casual about twenty-five dollars. I glanced at Marian, but she was standing before the mirror, holding a dress against herself, apparently as unconcerned as Cynthia.

The talk went back to the party and the new dress Cynthia had worn. Finally she stretched, like a lazy kitten, and climbed out of the chair. "Well," she said, "if I'm going to get home before Tom, I guess I'd better be on my way."

She gave her mother a bear hug, then kissed me on the cheek, and tweaked my ear. "Bye, Gram," she said, "be good."

After she had gone Marian turned to me with a half-sad, half-humorous smile.

"Remember that year you spent in Florida when Cynthia was a baby?" she asked.

Suddenly I understood what Marian was doing, and I was as proud of her as I've ever been of my daughter.

"I certainly do," I answered. "I had a miserable time!"

"So did I. It was ghastly."

"Was it worth it?" I asked.

"Yes. I didn't appreciate it then, but it was the only thing to do."

She went to the window and looked out over her garden. "You just can't help yourself. When a chick starts pecking away at the shell, you can't keep your hands off. You just have to peck at it, too, and help him out."

"I know," I agreed, "and then when it's out it doesn't have the strength to stand alone."

"So, if you haven't the will-power to keep your hands off, the only thing to do is get out of reach!"

Marian turned from the window. In her smile I could see a gentle sense of amusement at herself — and me. We looked at each other for a moment in understanding and, again, I was proud of my daughter.

"Exactly," I agreed, folding the skirt I had finished hemming. "I'm glad you reminded me. This time I think I'll try Hawaii."

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Illustrated by Leskie.

A DANGEROUS CASE OF LOVE

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

IT didn't take Joe Mears long to notice the girl who had just moved into the apartment on the second floor back. The house was one of those renovated brownstones in the east eighties with a little arden in the rear, and since the weather had turned warm, he could see her from his window, sitting out there and reading during the long twilight before dark. She was a very pretty girl with dark hair and a soft, full mouth and eyes that tilted a little at the corners. She kept changing her hairdo almost every day — sometimes wearing it piled on top of her head, sometimes in a pony-tail, sometimes loose and soft around her face.

This amused Joe and gave him an inexplicably indulgent feeling, and so did the fact that the books she read with such absorption were inordinately large and heavy. Her name, he discovered from the nameplate downstairs, was Miss Laurie Simms.

As the days passed, he noticed something else. Miss Laurie Simms was very popular with the boys. Often, coming home from his advertising job, he would see some young man or other waiting for her in an open sports car, and the young men were all nice to look at and bore that Ivy League stamp, and this made Joe smile, too, because it was all one of a piece — the pretty girl not long out of college making a play at a career in New York, with her devoted followers eager to take her to Twenty-One or The Embers or first nights at the theatre.

After a while she would marry one of them and move to a six-room house in Scarsdale. The only thing about the picture that stumped him was those heavy books she read.

He began smiling at her whenever they met going in or out. She would smile back, but only politely. And then, one day while he was waiting for his bus at the corner, he turned around and she was standing there, too.

Although pretty career girls were no novelty in Joe's life, his heart gave a pleasurable little jump. She was wearing a very chic black suit and her dark hair was arranged today in that new sideways effect, with two soft puffs on each side of her cheeks. On her it looked good.

He smiled and touched his hat. "Good morning," he said.

"Good morning." She didn't sound enthusiastic. "It's Miss Simms, isn't it? I'm Joe Mears from the third floor back. How do you like your new place?"

"I like the garden very much." Laurie Simms looked up into his eyes and then looked away quickly. Now don't get involved, she told herself. "Oh?" Joe said. "Are you used to a garden?"

"Yes. We had one back home." Joe opened his mouth to say: "And where was that?" when it suddenly struck him that the girl wasn't giving out; she was like one of those machines that just took incoming messages.

He was piqued. He was not conceited, but he had been around long enough to know his effect on women and it was not this. Now, as the bus bore down on them and they got in together, he had a feeling of frustration.

As they stood clutching straps inside, he said: "I wish you'd tell me something. What are those heavy books you read?"

She looked up and suddenly blushed. "You'll probably laugh."

"I promise not to."

"Well—" Her gaze wavered, then dropped. "They're books on psychology."

Joe digested this information in astonishment. Then he said: "What made you think I'd laugh?"

"Because I don't look like the kind of girl who would be interested in Freud and Havelock Ellis and Rorschach." She looked up at him again, but this time her eyes were steady. "I seem to give an entirely different impression. Most young men like you look at me and think of cocktail parties and football games and dancing."

"Not at all," Joe lied quickly and gallantly. He thought: This is a very, very serious girl.

Her face became gloomy; she looked away. "Well, I am like that. I love cocktail parties and football games and dancing."

Joe began to feel a little dizzy. "I don't quite—"

She sighed. "I have two different natures," she explained, "and one seems to fight with the other." She looked pensively out of the window.

Joe waited, but she didn't say anything more. He felt a little bewildered, then some sixth sense told him to say: "I always thought psychology was a fascinating subject."

Her head turned swiftly; her whole face lit up. "Oh, it is! The more you delve into it the more fascinating it gets."

Joe felt a faint thrill go up his spine as he met her eyes. Contact, he thought; I made contact for the first time.

She was saying eagerly: "I'd like to be a psychotherapist some day. But it means studying very hard, giving up lots of things, dates, things like that." She swallowed. "I'm going to do it, though."

Suddenly, looking at her, it was as if all the pieces of a picture puzzle had fallen into place for Joe. A little soft, warm place formed in his chest. There was something very touching and very young about the girl's "two natures" pulling her in different directions — one toward the frivolous, one toward the serious and worthwhile. "I wish you luck," he said.

"Thank you." She drew in her breath. "Of course I'm a long way from my goal; I can't afford to take any special courses now. I can only read up in a sort of amateur way and study people."

"Study people?"

"Yes. I'm pretty good at it." Her eyes fell and she blushed again. "I guess that sounds conceited."

Her jaw set a little. "But I really am pretty good."

"I have no doubt you are." He coughed. "Have you had time to study me at all?"

Her dark eyes lifted to his. "Well — I've just taken a few subconscious notes during these past few minutes."

"Could I have a few on memorandum?"

"Well—" She hesitated. "I would say that you're from a nice, upper middle class family; you're very neat and conscientious about doing a job, and ambitious but not in a back-slapping way. I would imagine that you like good books and good music and I wouldn't be surprised if you played chess."

Joe stared. Finally he said: "You are pretty good." She looked away modestly. "Oh, that wasn't anything. Just a few random impressions, practically snap judgments. I get off here. Goodbye."

Before Joe knew what happened, she was gone. Walking away on the milling sidewalk, Laurie Simms felt a feeling of satisfaction. Now you just keep it like that, she told herself; be friendly and

polite and that's all. Nothing could be more distracting than to have an attractive single man living in the same house with you. If they fell for each other, there would be a thousand and one complications. And she had promised her father—

She walked faster. Well, she was going to make a career for herself as she had told him she would; she was going to make something worthwhile and fine out of her life instead of frittering away these important years on a social merry-go-round, the way so many of her girl-friends were doing. This job she had at the Child Guidance Clinic was a wonderful step in the right direction: if she studied hard and read all she could, if she saved enough money to take courses.

Her chin lifted. Of course it would take a lot of will power. Now if she followed her regime without any more involvements—

The young man she had just left came back to her mind — so fair-haired and sunburned and good-looking. A faint gloom pervaded her spirit. She thought: He just happens to be my type, one of those big, sunny boys they grow out in California. If fate hadn't placed him under the same roof—

But she had arrived at the shabby building where she worked, and as she opened the door and went inside a look of dedication changed her face and all the young men in the world were forgotten, including Joe Mears.

Joe had been right. She could be a very, very serious girl. As the days passed, the girl entered Joe's mind more and more, and her polite little smiles when they met began to depress him. She began to enter his dreams at night, too, and during these dreams she was anything but polite. Joe would wake up, a little shaken, and it would give him a queer feeling, later on in the day, to come across her walking down the street, very cool and composed and far from his reach.

One Saturday afternoon he stood at his bedroom window, looking down at her in the garden below. She was, as usual, reading one of her heavy tomes. He stood very still, looking at her, and then his jaw set. He left the room and went downstairs.

When he entered the little garden, Laurie looked up. She hesitated, then she smiled politely. "Hello," she said.

"Hi." Joe walked to the side wall, hardly looking at her, and appeared to examine a rather sad-looking bush. "Don't mind me. Just go right on reading."

"Oh, that's all right." She smiled. "How have you been?"

"Fine, thanks." He looked at her. She had marked the interrupted place in her book with her thumb, and her smile reflected good manners and nothing more. He stood glumly, wishing he hadn't come. And then, all at once, he remembered the one point of contact he had made with her on the bus. He stood very still, and it was then, as the moments passed, that the wonderful idea hit him, almost taking his breath away with its simplicity.

He walked over to her and sat down on a little bench close to her chair. "As a matter of fact, I'm not so fine," he said. "I've got something on my mind that bothers me."

"Bothers you?"

He hesitated and then said slowly: "There's a girl I know. A girl I can't help wondering about."

She looked suddenly alert. "Are you engaged?"

To page 30

Joe Mears found himself so much in love with this pretty girl that he began inventing all kinds of stories to attract her elusive attention

"Not yet. That's the whole point." Joe looked down at the grass. "I'm not exactly certain that we're right for each other." He gave a little laugh as he looked at her again. "I suppose you're wondering why I should be telling you this. After all, we're strangers."

"Oh, that wouldn't mean anything," Laurie said quickly. "Sometimes it's better that way. You can see things more objectively, get a fresher viewpoint."

"That's exactly it." He looked relieved. "That's what I need—a fresh view of this girl. What I mean is—" He took a deep breath. "Sometimes the physical attraction between two people can blind them to the point where they don't actually see what qualities each has for the other." It sounded so stupid that he blushed.

Laurie frowned. She thought:

Continued from page 29

He's very attractive, but maybe he isn't very bright. She leaned forward. "I should think you'd be able to judge, anyway. All it takes is a little observation on the part of both of you."

"I guess I'm not a very good observer. My emotions seem to get in the way." He made an effort to sound more intelligent. "Too many marriages go on the rocks simply because couples weren't able to see each other clearly beforehand."

Laurie gave him a searching look. She didn't say anything.

"Now, if I could get a really objective viewpoint—" He added hastily, "I don't mean just of her, but of me, too, and how our personalities and characters would jell

together—" He drew a deep breath. It was beginning to sound almost sensible. "You know—like a clinical report on two chemicals from someone who had studied both—"

Laurie was beginning to feel a faint excitement; it was as if she were a pre-med student being presented with an authentic case. Suddenly she broke in eagerly: "Maybe I could help you out. I told you I was pretty good at sizing up people."

Joe managed to look surprised. "Maybe you could, at that."

Laurie hesitated. "Only I don't know either of you."

"Oh, that's easy enough to remedy," Joe said. The beautiful part of his idea now fitted in as

neatly as a stopper in a bottle. "You could get to know me better — purely in a very objective way — and then you could meet this girl. After all, I'd certainly appreciate your unbiased opinion."

"What's her name?" Laurie said.

Joe's mind scrambled wildly in darkness, then came up with the name of a girl he had taken out a few times that winter. "Janice Walters," he said.

Laurie frowned, although the idea of being consulted almost professionally excited her more and more. "Well — I don't know if my opinion is worth anything at all, but —"

Joe almost said: "You'll take the

case then?" but caught himself in time. He leaned back. How time she was sitting there, with the shining on her dark hair. She was wearing it soft and loose today around her face.

He said very gravely: "You ought to model hair."

Her eyes lifted. She burst out laughing. Then, coloring a little, she said: "I like to keep changing my personality that way."

He said very slowly: "I can understand that. I do it with time."

Their eyes met, held, and did not break away. Then Laurie looked down quickly at her lap. "I'd better ask you some questions," she said almost primly. There was a little flush in her cheeks.

Joe's face became serious. He leaned back and folded his arms across his chest. "Fire away," he said. And suddenly the sun seemed much brighter than usual and the colors around him seemed more intense and the air almost piercingly sweet with spring.

Laurie began to see a lot of Joe. They would take walks, sit in the garden, have lunch together around the corner on weekends. At first she tried to convince herself that she was seeing him solely because of the experience it was giving her in preparing an authentic case history — the kind you read about in psychology books.

But then her innate honesty would tell her that the whole thing was pretty foolish, because when she was with him she forgot all about Conflicts and the Unconscious in Relation to the Sexes and was more interested in the little grey flecks in his eyes and the slow way his mouth curved when he smiled. This realisation, which sometimes hit her suddenly and without warning, acted like a kind of mental brake, jolting her back to the right road, but she would be appalled nevertheless.

IT was bad enough, she thought, that she was taking off so much time from her studies to be with Joe, but he was madly in love with another girl, which made the whole thing impossible.

And so, while she kept a rigid check on her emotions when she was with him, she could not help feeling a throb of jealousy every time he asked him a question about Janice Walters. His answers were always brief and evasive, and she would remember what he had said that day in the garden: "My emotions seem to get in the way." The memory didn't make her feel any better.

One night they walked into the little rear garden together. Joe was feeling good. Until this point he had maintained the perfect companionable attitude, and it had not been easy, for her effect on him was becoming more disturbing with each meeting. During the past few days, however, he had caught fleeting glimpses in her eyes which hinted of boundaries somewhat beyond companionship, and now, in this perfect spot, he thought it might be time to take a first investigating step in that direction.

He, therefore, moved to her side and stood with his arm touching her shoulder, looking up at the sky.

"What a wonderful night," he said. A faint perfume rose from her hair, making him a little dizzy. He would turn slowly now, and for the first time take her hand.

Laurie said abruptly: "When do I meet her?"

Joe's head jerked around. He blinked. "Huh?"

"When do I meet her?"

"Who?"

"Janice Walters."

Joe's mind focused with an effort.

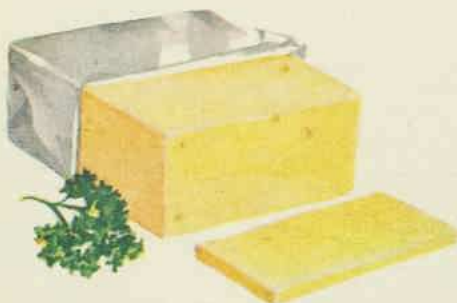
"Oh—soon," he said vaguely. He could hardly remember what Janice Walters looked like.

Laurie looked downward, biting her lip. "You must go out almost every night in the week." She swallowed. "After all, I see you a couple of times, I imagine you see her all the other nights." She looked up.

HOW TO MAKE A TASTY SALAD



rich red tomatoes*crisp tender lettuce*onions,radish,celery



protein-rich cheese*tropical pineapple*spicy beetroot



Simple Method

Drain liquid from can of GOLDEN CIRCLE BEETROOT into saucepan. Soak tablespoon gelatine in 1 cup water. Add when liquid comes to boil. Stir till dissolved then add beetroot. Cool, pour into small ring mould, chill till firm. Serve on salad greens filling centre with cubed cheese. Surround with GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE SLICES halved, radish roses, quartered tomatoes and onion rings. Serves 4 to 6.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 22, 1964

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



YOUNG FASHION DESIGNER—pages 8, 9

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. Not to be sold separately.

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.

Letters

They took umbrage, in small doses

I AM married now, with a family of boys, but I think perhaps that today's young people might be interested in a reminiscence involving the adolescents of the 1940-50 decade.

During the war years we lived in hostels at or near University. Our scholarship allowances were meagre so that we had little spare money (a packet of salted peanuts was a treat). Food and clothing were rationed, and there was a very limited selection of consumer goods available in the shops.

Moreover, we all lived away from home, and while we were freed of many irksome tyrannies we also missed many home comforts.

Our remedy for frayed student tempers and general stress and strain was to allow everyone a certain weekly quota of "umbrage."

You could take it when you wished, all at once or some at intervals. But, once used, there was no more available until the following week.

If it was felt you'd been mean or sullen or bad-tempered for long enough someone used to say, "You've had your quota," and this was generally sufficient to make the culprit snap out of it.

Old-fashioned back in '44? Perhaps, but the basic problems of adolescence were the same.—*P.J., Cooma North, N.S.W.*

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Exam change

I WOULD like to lodge a protest against some schools announcing results as either "pass" or "fail." This apparent laziness by teachers handicaps students in their choice of subjects for the next year, because they have no more than a rough idea of their strengths and weaknesses. This can lead to students taking subjects for which they are not suited.

Lulled into a false sense of security about some subjects, they may do only a minimum of work.

I think that percentage marks should be supplied until the Matriculation year, and if this system of "pass" or "fail" is to be persisted with percentage marks should be available for those who want them as an indication of what subjects to take up the following year.—*D. Owens, Mont Albert, Vic.*

Pocket-money

MANY teenagers each week are given a certain amount of pocket-money by their parents. They do not have to earn this, and leave their untidy beds and rooms for their mothers to tidy up for them.

My parents think this wrong, and I don't get any pocket-money, but have to earn every penny I have by doing washing-up, setting the table, cleaning the house, etc.

I think that it is a good idea, because it gives me a sense of the value of

money when spending it. But I also think that I should get a small amount of money each week besides earning some. What do other teenagers think?—*S.T., Kalgoorlie, W.A.*

School club covers world

AN International Club has been founded at our school. Its aim is to teach about other countries and the people who live in them.

The club expects to have many social activities such as film showings, talks by visitors, and demonstrations of music and dancing from other countries.

A stamp exhibition has been held and proved most successful, and we hope in the future to have a coin exhibition. Our art teacher is to judge a competition to find a club motto and badge.

I think clubs of this nature should be encouraged and started in other schools.—*Rhonda Davies, Maroubra, N.S.W.*

"Color" TV

THIS idea may sound rather weird, but I found that if you put some colored transparent wrapping over the TV screen it makes a very good effect, and is quite a change from the black and white picture.—*R. Wallis, Woodville, S.A.*

Country fun

A YEAR ago, for lack of entertainment, I decided to join the local Rural Youth Club. Now it is my main entertainment!

Since joining I have met many other young people from neighboring clubs, we

have had many enjoyable interclub visits, a bus trip, and rally.

Apart from these, we have entertained an overseas Young Farmers' Club exchangee billeted with our club.—*"Member," Bordertown, S.A.*

No ridicule

IT is very sad to see the "in-betweens" (teenagers aged 13 or 14) try to hide their feelings of inadequacy under the guise of ridicule.

Everything has to be belittled, yet they little realise that they are making their feelings obvious, and at the same time making others uncomfortable.

I used to use this method of "covering up," and, looking back now, I realise that I tackled the problem in the wrong way.

It is hard to be silent when feelings of irritation rise, but soon this critical period is over. Silence is a virtue if applied at the right time, and this is certainly the right time.—*M. E. Mason, Warrell Creek, N.S.W.*

No great shakes

I WOULD like to know if any other teenage girls blush and get embarrassed at shaking hands when introduced to boys. Many times boys have squeezed my hand and grinned cheekily.

At times I find this rather annoying, and would much rather just say "Hi" or a friendly "Hello," and leave the handshaking to between the fellows.—*"Embarrassed," Brunswick, Vic.*

Burning question

WHO can help? Alas, I am a member of that pitiful group who must broil themselves in the sun in order to get the slightest tinge of brown.

As a result of this torturous heat treatment my back is fairly splattered with freckles, and my dearly attained tan has just peeled off!

Have any other readers

NEXT WEEK...

- Latest fashion news from overseas for boys (girls will want to adapt some of the colorful trends!)
- The off-stage wardrobe of a teenage stage star.
- Pin-up of the Bee Gees.

successfully coped with this problem? If so, I and my insipid skin would be most grateful for advice. —V. Cole, Gray's Point, N.S.W.

Card problem

WHILE Christmas cards can be bought from threepence each, at least two shillings has to be paid for an equally nice birthday card.

As a lot of my friends have birthdays at the same time, I find I have not much money left over for buying presents. —"Broke," Horsham, Vic.

Films unfair

AFTER seeing a few films made in Australia I am just about convinced that the worst spots were chosen for filming.

We have some beautiful cities, golden beaches, and snow-capped mountains in Australia, as well as ever-

green forests and crystal lakes in north-eastern Queensland.

Yet the outback, which even to Australians looks far from inviting, is always the setting. —"Aussie," Ayr, Qld.

Bare facts

FOR years my mother has complained about my going around the house barefooted. Whenever I come home I always take off my shoes because it is more comfortable being barefooted than running around in slippers.

My mother tells me I am odd and that people will regard me as uncivilised.

Could readers please write and give their views on this matter, so I can prove to my mother that I am not alone in my habit? —"Ten Toes," Lindfield, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"Shall we wander through the field and pick ourselves a bunch of wallflowers?"

SUPPORT FOR MIGRANTS TO SPEAK OWN TONGUES

YOUR correspondent will be in for a surprise when she goes overseas, for she will hear many dialects and foreign languages spoken in the streets of the world's cities.

Learning a language takes time and practice. But even with a fair knowledge it is difficult to make oneself understood.

She will also find that in most large cities English is understood and that English-speaking tourists, and that includes most Australian travellers, continue to speak English in public with no regard for the feelings of the natives.

Those who are most vocal on the subject of newcomers' obligations to learn English are themselves often limited in knowledge of their mother tongue.

It must be remembered that many migrants are from poorer classes and their literacy in their own tongue leaves much to be desired. How then can these people in their middle years learn another language?

● Hearing migrants speaking their own language together in public made her blood boil, claimed Sue Harper (T.W., 4/12/63). But another side to the picture is given in most letters written in reply . . .

The menfolk pick up the language from work-mates, but the mothers, unless they work, have little opportunity. Many of these women are homesick and lonely, and should not be treated with suspicion because they are different.

And, above all, don't shout at them, their hearing is not impaired—only their understanding. —G. Sheen, Cammeray, N.S.W.

IT may be very easy for you, Sue, to say that your temper rises when listening to foreign languages spoken in public places. But have you ever actually been in a foreign country where the language is difficult?

When New Aussies happen to meet by chance old

friends from their native countries, for sentimental reasons it is natural for them to immediately dismiss the English language and talk to each other in their native tongue.

Speech will come naturally, whereas if they might speak in English there will always be some words which they cannot pronounce, or they may not be able to think of the right word. —"Anoli," Orange, N.S.W.

MOST New Australians feel silly trying to tell something in English to a fellow countryman when they can easily (and perhaps in fewer words) say it in their own language.

To us it seems a sad thing to see a group of teenagers speaking English because they're

ashamed of being New Australians or because they've forgotten their native language and find it easier to express themselves in English.

I do not see any reason why Australians should be proud of spineless characters like that. —"New Aussie," Christies Beach, S.A.

I AM one of those New Australians who offend Sue Harper. I have been speaking my native tongue, Latvian, to my friends in public for the past 13 years. Why should I speak English to my Latvian friends?

Living in her own country Miss Harper cannot truly appreciate the meaning of nationality, and how closely one's language is linked with it. I'm very proud of mine, and so are all those who don't speak English to their friends. If she went to Europe, I am willing to bet that she would speak English in public, if only to show her pride in her nationality. —Miss Gurta Rudzitis, Paddington, Qld.

**At 21, the
stomp's a mystery, but...**



ABORIGINES during a corroboree near Darwin.



BILL GRAY

Bill 'digs' corroborees

AS a trainee Territory patrol officer accompanying the native stars of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's "Aboriginal Theatre," corroborees are old hat to Bill.

But he leads such an isolated life in the desolate North that the current "civilised" steps were something to make a song and dance about.

Bill, a stocky, handsome, fair-haired young man, has one of the most unusual and exclusive jobs in Australia.

He is one of the five patrol officers in training with the Welfare (of full-blooded aborigines) Branch of the Northern Territory Administration.

To take up this work he abandoned a colorful career that would satisfy most other young men.

The son of the manager of a Geelong, Vic., radio station, Bill began to follow in his father's footsteps

• While thousands of Sydney and Melbourne young people recently went to see Northern Territory aborigines dancing corroborees, Bill Gray, 21, was fascinated by the Twist and the Stomp.

when he gained the Leaving Certificate and left famous Geelong Grammar at the age of 17.

Bill started work at Melbourne's GTV Channel 9 as an office boy.

He worked his way through the props and production departments to become a camera operator at 19, working on sporting telecasts and such famous shows as Graham Kennedy's.

Bill, however, had always been interested in the culture and welfare of Australian aborigines.

He decided to go to the Northern Territory and work among them.

With no set plan in mind one day he resigned his TV job and set off to hitch-hike the thousands of miles north.

He became a clerk in the Welfare Branch at Darwin, and when jobs for patrol officers in training were advertised he applied.

He was accepted and spent the next year doing practical work in the field.

Bill says highlights of his field work were bringing into hospital by dugout canoe native children suffering from leprosy and helping carve a new road in the outback.

For about a year from

next month Bill will be at the Australian School of Pacific Administration in Sydney doing the theory part of his training.

His studies will include anthropology, geography, history, aboriginal culture, and law relating to aborigines.

Bill will then receive a post in the Territory as a fully fledged patrol officer — "If I pass, of course," he says.

Getting to know the natives even took up much of Bill's leisure time in the Territory.

He used to play in a mainly aboriginal Australian Rules football team.

Bill sees his work as a lifetime career. He has no regrets about abandoning the glittering world of television.

Certainly, trekking around wild Arnhem Land he's unlikely to get many reminders of what he's missing.

Yachting holiday in Scotland

By KERRY YATES

● A young Sydney sailing enthusiast, Jenny Buchanan, who recently spent three months racing a yacht on the Firth of Forth, Scotland, admits she's often seasick.

"THAT'S not as silly as it sounds," she said. "Seasickness is quite common among sailing fans, although you do still get teased by the rest of the crew."

Jenny, 21, of Mosman, spent all her summer weekends for four years with the Royal Australian Naval Sailing Association sailing on Sydney Harbor.

"Like every sailor I learned by trial and error," she said. "I think it's the only way to learn."

Raced own Moth

And Jenny should know—the crew she sailed with won many trophies in sailing events organised by Sydney clubs.

Much of her sailing was in Moths—single sail ten-footers which are among the most popular small sailing boats in Australia.

"A couple of years back I raced my own Moth," she said, "and before I went away I often sailed

on a friend's 43ft. yacht."

During the 16 months she spent overseas, Jenny, a commercial artist, worked in London, skied in Austria, and was co-driver on a 5000-mile car tour of the Continent, as well as sailing in Scotland.

"It was all a wonderful holiday," she said, "but I guess I liked the sailing part best."

Jenny was working at Australia House in London as a trade publicity representative when she was sent on an assignment to Glasgow and Edinburgh for a few weeks.

While in Edinburgh she wandered down to Granton Harbor, below the city, to look at the yachts berthed there and to ask if anyone needed an extra crew-hand.

"I asked the first person I saw working on a boat," said Jenny, "and he called over a friend, Bill Hunter, and introduced me as an Aussie wanting to sail."

"Bill invited me to join the crew of his 26ft. racing



VIXEN, the 26ft. yacht Jenny Buchanan helped to race for three months on the Firth of Forth, Scotland.

yacht, Vixen, the next weekend.

"He said there was always room for one more, but neither of us knew then that I would be staying on deck the whole season."

Jenny so enjoyed sailing on the Firth of Forth that she resigned from her London job and spent the rest of her trip in Scotland.

"Bill offered to keep me on as sheet-hand (helping to work the sails) and I accepted," she said. "We used to race with a crew of four."

Twilight sailing

Small towns beside the Firth of Forth hold weekend regattas, and Jenny's team brought home quite a few victory cups while she was there.

"Regatta days were really fun," she said. "After racing there'd be a big party dinner at the host clubhouse, and then we'd sail home in the twilight, which lasted till about nine o'clock."

JENNY riding in the Sierra Nevada district of Spain during her 5000-mile car trip through Europe.

"Twilight sailing was new to me, and it was wonderful to be able to race or go on party cruises two or three nights a week as well as at weekends."

Apart from twilight sailing, Jenny found the biggest difference from sailing in Sydney was the weather.

Watched by seals

"It was so cold that I had to wear three jumpers, two pairs of slacks, thick winter socks, and Wellington boots, as well as oil-skin waterproof trousers and jacket."

Sailing among seals was also new to Jenny.

"They were so curious, bobbing up and down watching us all," she said. "There were sometimes three or four at the side of the yacht, and we'd see lots of others sunbaking on islands."

The only thing that worried Jenny about the Firth of Forth was that it often got very rough, and that meant Jenny would be seasick again.

"But sailing is always worth it," she said. "Now I'm looking forward to racing on Sydney Harbor again."



ary 22, 1964

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5

Youth won race to radio age

● A young man of 20 woke his mother one December night in 1894 and took her to a room on the third floor of their mansion near Bologna, Italy.



GUGLIELMO MARCONI

"LISTEN," he said. He pressed a key. The woman heard a bell ring in another room 30 feet away. Though she did not realise it, the ringing of the bell across space without wires heralded the birth, somewhat delayed, of the radio age, of wireless communications, broadcasting, television, radar, and other marvels.

The young man who caused this revolution was Guglielmo Marconi, son of a rich Italian businessman and his Irish wife, daughter of a wealthy whisky distiller.

Educated by tutors, young Marconi was a solitary lad. He disliked the rough play of others and was regarded by some as a mother's boy.

There was nothing soft about him, however. He sailed his own boat on the Bay of Leghorn at nine, loved riding horses, and was an ardent fisherman. He just preferred his own company.

In his teens he turned to electricity. His mother let him fix up a laboratory on the third floor and had him coached in physics and chemistry.

Young Marconi got the idea of wireless when he read that Heinrich Hertz, a German, had set up "etheric waves" by discharging a spark across an air gap.

Marconi thought that if these waves could be broken into short and long periods, such periods would correspond to the dots and dashes of Morse code. He set to work to prove it.

Not first in field

Marconi was not the first in the field. Faraday hinted at electromagnetic waves in 1832. The British Navy experimented with them in 1891 and by 1895 had signalled over a few hundred yards by wireless.

In September, 1894, Sir Oliver Lodge entertained fellow scientists by sending dot and dash signals 180ft. by wireless through two stone walls.

In New Zealand ex-farm boy Ernest Rutherford sent electric waves 60ft., but dropped the idea when told that "wireless communi-

cation was not likely to be of any practical value." Rutherford turned to nuclear science and became the first man to smash the atom.

A great gulf separated Marconi, the brilliant amateur, from established scientists. Whereas the scientists regarded these etheric waves as a curious natural phenomenon, Marconi saw them as a great and speedy means of communication and a source of wealth and power.

He set to work with single-minded zeal to invent and develop wireless telegraphy and monopolise it.

Public marvelled

Within weeks of ringing the bell by wireless Marconi was transmitting messages over a hill to a receiver nearly two miles away and recording them on a morse printer.

His mother then took him to London, where he sent messages from the roof of the post office to receivers on the Thames Embankment.

In June, 1896, Marconi took out the world's first wireless patent. Wealthy relatives of his mother formed a company to help him exploit his invention.

Within months Marconi had sent wireless signals across the Bristol Channel and between France and England.

The public marvelled when he established wireless communication between Osborne House and the Royal yacht so that Queen Victoria could keep in touch with the Prince of Wales, who hurt his knee at sea.

He received a great boost in 1899 when a crew, shipwrecked on the treacherous Goodwin Sands, was rescued through a message flashed from the lightship there.

Ships began to install wireless, which greatly reduced the toll of the sea.

And all the while, working often 36 hours at a stretch, Marconi was inventing new equipment and improving on the devices of others.

He had many clashes over patents, notably with Sir Oliver Lodge, whose method of tuning transmitters and receivers Marconi adapted to wireless. He fought

Lodge through the courts for 11 years and lost. He got round it by buying Lodge's company.

By now Marconi was convinced wireless could girdle the world, though its range so far had not exceeded 170 miles.

He built a powerful transmitting station at Poldhu, Cornwall, then crossed to Cape Cod, Newfoundland. Storms wrecked the aerial masts he tried to erect there and forced him to suspend his aerial from a kite flying at 400ft.

There, on December 12, 1901, in a howling gale, Marconi heard the faint sounds of the letter S transmitted in morse from Cornwall, 1700 miles away. Wireless had leapt the Atlantic.

Most scientists jeered at Marconi's claim. Electro-magnetic waves could not bend over the hump of the world like that, they said.

Enormous scope

The controversy raged till one, more imaginative than the rest, suggested that the bending of the radio waves was due to ionisation of the upper atmosphere, which opened another vast field for research.

Other great events proved the enormous scope of Marconi's invention.

In 1909 Commander Peary flashed the news in seconds: "Stars and Stripes nailed to the North Pole."

The murderer Crippen was trapped by wireless at sea while trying to escape to America.

The world knew within seconds when the great liner Titanic struck an iceberg and foundered. The 700 survivors owed their lives to wireless.

Marconi, handsome, aloof, a man of few friends, a member of Mussolini's Fascist Grand Council, shared a Nobel Prize in 1909 and received scores of honors.

He died on July 20, 1937.

By KERRY YATES

● Eighteen-year-old Marcia Taylor, whose job is to help test more than 20,000 seeds each year, spends her spare time—gardening!

MARCIA, 18, of Eastwood, N.S.W., is a seed analyst with a leading Australian seed company in Sydney.

After passing her Leaving Certificate in 1962 (with honors in Biology), Marcia wanted to do laboratory work and answered a newspaper advertisement for her present job.

Off on trip

"I was very lucky to find such a job," she said, "there aren't many positions available in this field."

She had been with the firm three months when it

ganisation. Marcia was trained in these methods, used by analysts all over the world.

She spent the first week in New Zealand learning to identify three basic sets of seeds — common crop seeds, common weed seeds, and noxious weed seeds.

Seeds can be recognised by their shape, size, surface texture, color, and particular characteristics. There are so many different varieties that identification needs concentration.

"By the end of each day, the seeds seemed to



SEED ANALYST Marcia Taylor with a batch of seeds during a germination test to determine growth success.

HER JOB IS A GROWING CONCERN

sent her to New Zealand recently to work for six months in the Official Seed Testing Station—one of the world's largest seed testing laboratories — at Palmerston North.

"Practical experience is the only way to learn all about my career," she said, "and I really learnt a lot during those months."

Seed testing, the aim of which is to ensure high-quality seeds for the farmer, commercial grower, and home gardener, must follow the rules laid down by the International Seed Testing Association, a world-wide research or-

ganisation. Marcia, "but I had to know them all before I started to learn the methods for seed testing."

For the rest of her stay in New Zealand, Marcia worked in the laboratory with 80 other analysts, testing seeds and learning everything she could about her career.

"There are three sections for seed testing — purity analysis, germination tests, and moisture determination," said Marcia, and told me briefly about each test.

The first tests show how free of impurities seed is.

The germination tests are to determine how well a seed is going to grow.

Moisture testing is to discover how much moisture can be removed from a seed to improve its keeping quality.

Moisture testing has become increasingly important, since the company Marcia works for has been marketing "dry - conditioned" seeds, those which have had some of the moisture content removed for better keeping quality.

Weather control

Marcia's firm tests seeds from all over the world, and when the "mother" seeds (selected seeds of a particular variety) have been tested they are sent to seed growers for further production.

In her Sydney "lab," with four other analysts, Marcia tests mostly flower and vegetable seeds and some agricultural seeds.

Each year the testing is split up into sections — January and February, vegetable seeds; March and April, agricultural

seeds; and May and June, flower seeds. The pattern is then continued for the rest of the year.

"Outside temperature has no effect on our testing," said Marcia, "we just create our own weather conditions in the germinator cabinets."

Marcia hopes to travel overseas in a few years to gain more experience in still more seed-testing laboratories.

"I like gardening but not planting the seeds," said Marcia. "It's too much hard work."

"And, besides, Mum's the expert in that field."



LEFT: Marcia weighs out a sample of seeds for a test.

RIGHT: She divides the sample with an electric separator.



AT 20, HER OWN



PRUE ACTON, in one of her own creations, peeps from behind a tree at a dress she designed from the above sketch. It is a three-piece outfit -- a long-sleeved blouse of glowing crepe with a matching gently flared skirt and sleeveless jacket of heavy-textured linen.

LARGE daisies, Prue's "trademark," printed on the wide kimono sleeves of a cotton pancho top, worn with cotton slacks.

OUR COVER shows one of Prue's zany designs -- a cotton weave frock, tied with a sash, and peeping from it cotton knee-length "pantaloons" with a ruffle. The straw sombrero has a perky matching daisy.



FASHION BUSINESS

● A small, blond Melbourne girl with an infectious smile, who opened her own dress-designing business last February, has just completed her third collection.

SHE is 20-year-old Prue Acton, and her business—under her own name—is in Flinders Lane, the heart of Melbourne's "rag trade."

On these pages and our cover we show some of Prue's designs, with her own sketches for them.

To young hopefuls interested in doing the same, Prue gives this warning:

"Don't imagine it is going to be a glamorous existence of leisurely days sketching designs and choosing fabulous materials.

"You spend your days, nights, and weekends collecting and delivering materials to fabric printers, materials to makers-up, garments to stores.

"Working at top speed, you fit in sketching of fabric and dress designs whenever you can—usually late at night."

Prue's debut into the serious world of design began at the Royal Melbourne College of Technology, where she did a four-year course, gaining a diploma in fabric designing and printing.

"After I left the Tech, I was promised a job as a designer by a small manufacturer, but the firm went bankrupt before I could start," she said.

"I was full of great ambitions, so I decided to go it alone, and my parents promised to help."

Humble start

Prue bought eight pieces of material and had eight sample winter garments made by professional makers-up. Some were copies of her own clothes, others she had specially designed.

Then Prue and her mother, their arms laden with samples, began the rounds of the shops.

"The first few weeks were ghastly," said Prue. "Each night we would get home tired and with blistered feet. Most buyers said 'no,' others had a second look and

By SCARTH FLETT

said, 'We will take a couple of those.'

"We made our first deliveries to the shops just before last Easter, and I was very lucky—we had a winner first go. I think that gave the buyers a bit of confidence in me."

The "winner" was a simple, long-sleeved wool shift, bound with gold and a contrasting color around the collarless neck, and straight down the front.

Emphasis on color

Prue's designs are simple and individual, with the emphasis on color, aimed at a teenage and young-twenties market.

Her summer collection, which is in the shops now, is bright and breezy with lots of marvellous fabrics, hand-printed by Prue in vivid mauves, pinks, yellows, and aquas. Many of them are lively flower designs.

"I'm mad about daisies," said Prue, who has three daisies on all her pink, black, and white swing tickets, and a daisy above her name on all her business cards, as a trademark.

A trip to Sydney with samples toward the end of last winter proved a wonderful investment. She now has an agent in Sydney and sells to Mark Foys, David Jones, and Curzon's.

In Melbourne she sells to Myers, Georges, Hermes, Sportsgirl, Shirley Stern, Sea and Ski, and a number of small boutiques, and in Adelaide to Cox-Foys and David Jones.

"A lot of my designs are the result of hours of sketching, with nothing definite in mind," she said. "Then I ask advice from my girl-friends, and their reasons for liking or disliking what I've done."

If Prue is lucky, there is time for one date a week, which seems a bit grim for a 20-year-old.

Prue's business is almost a family affair. Her mother has helped in the showroom right from the beginning, and her father does all the accounts.

Now she is hoping that her brother Tim, 18, will come into the showroom soon to take over the production—organising orders and doing the selling.

Several months after she started Prue asked 20-year-old Rosemary Allen, another talented young designer, who worked for a time with Norma Tullo, to join her, and together the two girls discuss and plan the ranges.



SOFT and flowing, a dreamy chiffon dress for romantic evenings. Sleeveless, with a lowered round neckline and perky pointed collar, the blouson bodice is drawn in at the waist with a belt and floppy bow. Three small, covered buttons do up down the front. The flowered chiffon is worn over a silk taffeta slip.



COTTON shift printed with a wide panel of abstract seed pods, is fashioned with almost bare shoulders. The fabric design is one Prue first did when she was a student at the Royal Melbourne College of Technology, and one she has used in several different colors for this season's shifts.



Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

New Year, new Elvis?

● The big question of the moment in show business: What's going to happen to Elvis in '64?

THE New Year brings changes to the pop scene. New stars will rise and new sounds will be heard. Where will all this leave Elvis in twelve months' time?

During 1963 a great deal of criticism was levelled at Presley's failure to hit the top of the charts with his singles.

After graduating from hard rock to ballads he seems to some people to be sticking to a middle-of-the-road formula, which, although successful, has become rather predictable.

Friend and songwriter Mort Shuman says: "I believe it's on account of his films. His recent releases

have all been centred on his pictures.

"You must remember that film songs are written for a specific part of the plot and can't wander off into sounds totally unconnected with the action."

Mort knows what he is talking about. With partner Doc Pomus he has penned nearly a dozen hits for Elvis.

Meanwhile, Elvis has been relaxing at home in Memphis, leaving the problems to manager Colonel Tom Parker.

When he left Hollywood for home he took with him the blond wig he wears in the film "Kissin' Cousins" to wear "just for kicks."

However, it did help to disguise the famous star when he ventured out for some hunting with friends.

A few days ago (on January 8) Elvis celebrated his 29th birthday and put an end to rumors about his romance with Ann Margret by stating, "I'm not ready for marriage yet."

Perhaps he will change his mind in 1964.

Exciting show biz week

THIS week marks an exciting event in Australian show business. The first American pop show to visit this country for some time opens in Brisbane.

And all the stars featured in the Surfside '64 Show are appearing here



THE SURFARIS, now visiting Australia, were recently voted in the United States the best new instrumental combo of 1963.

at a time when they are right on top in the United States.

The entertainment trade paper "Cash Box" recently voted The Surfaris the best new instrumental combo of the year.

The Beach Boys tied with The Four Seasons as best vocal group of 1963, with Paul and Paula second. Star of the show, Roy Orbison, was voted second only to Elvis Presley as the most popular male vocalist.

The Surfaris also won another honor in the same poll when their disc-click "Wipeout" was voted one of the most successful hits of 1963.

The group consists of five boys from Glendora, California, who are great exponents of surfing as well as surf music.

Leader of the boys is drummer Ron Wilson, 18.

The guitarists, all 16, are Jim Fuller, Bob Berryhill, and Pat Connelly. Youngest, at 14, is saxophonist Jim Pash.

An interesting feature of their tour is that many Australian fans will have the opportunity of meeting the stars at first hand by means of a series of competitions run in each State, enabling the winners to have Breakfast with The Beach Boys or Supper with The Surfaris. Which brings to mind the time I introduced such competitions with a date with Tommy Sands several years ago.

Many happy returns, J. O'K!

BIRTHDAYS are certainly news this week. In the picture hereabouts you see Johnny O'Keefe and yours truly enjoying an early celebration of

Two more record pages in Everybody's Magazine

Pin-up and "Star Dossier" of Shirley Bassey

AUSTRALIA'S TOP TEN

LATEST NEWS and REVIEWS in

Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW

THIS ISSUE ON SALE NEXT WEEK IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA



ABOVE: The Beach Boys, joint-top vocal group of 1963 in the States. BELOW: Bob Rogers and Johnny O'Keefe celebrate the singer's birthday a bit in advance.

Johnny's 29th birthday, which falls on January 19.

Although 1963 was a great year for J.O.K. (especially after a rather bad one in '62), Johnny tells me that 1964 looks like being even greater.

It is the year in which he plans to achieve international success.

He already has his foot on the first step of the ladder, as several American agencies have expressed interest in his national TV show, "Sing, Sing, Sing."

Good luck to Australia's greatest show man — Johnny O'Keefe.

They've caught Beatle Fever

WHILE Beatlemania spreads across the globe, a new Sydney group, The Saints, has really caught the Beatle Fever. The Saints' first disc has the wild Liverpool sound.

It's an uptempo swinger called "There Will Come a Time," written by lead singer Noel Quinlan.

Like The Beatles, the four boys in the group accompany themselves and really obtain the exciting sound of a live show.

The Saints are yet another addition to the line-up of local talent coming out of the C.B.S. studios.

All the boys need now are Beatle-style hairdos, and they've got it made.

Beatles off to the States

BACK in Britain, The Beatles are preparing for the most important event of their careers—an invasion of America. If they can repeat their English success in the United States the future is unlimited.

Their international success hangs on the reception they will receive from Americans.

Before they actually arrive on American soil next month they will make their U.S. debut on the Jack Paar TV show in a specially filmed segment flown from London.

Wide publicity in newspapers and magazines in the U.S. has already aroused a great deal of interest in the boys across the Atlantic.

Nevertheless, they are a little nervous about the trip.

Another worry for their manager, Brian Epstein, is the fear of over-exposure. Will the public tire of their idols if they are seen too often on television and heard on disc?

While Epstein ponders this question, The Beatles are busy spreading Beatlemania in Paris, where they received an uproarious welcome this week.

A French press-agent commented: "French girls are already nutty over The Beatles because they think they look so chic and in some cases so French. A lot of them already wear Beatle-type sweaters, plain black with polo necks."

Several glossy French magazines are featuring special Beatle fashion supplements with models wearing Beatle sweaters.

Looks like another gear year for John, Paul, George, and Ringo.

Not too big to help others

HOT favorite with fans on the strength of two disc hits, "Just Like Eddie" and "Country



Boy." Heinz Burt is already using his success to assist others.

He discovered 18-year-old Kim Roberts at a Manchester club and helped her to win a recording contract with his company.

Kim is also featured in

a small role in Heinz' new film, "Live It Up."

Sure shots

"Hey Little Cobra," The Ripcords (C.B.S.); "A Fool Never Learns," Andy Williams (C.B.S.); "Raise Your Hand," Col Joye (Festival).

TEENA *little thing*



TOPS IN SPORT

Gold medal is her aim

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Dixie Willis, a superwoman among today's middle-distance runners, is determined to be the first girl to crack the official two-minute barrier for the half-mile.

AND she hopes to do this during a gold medal run in the Tokyo Olympics later this year.

Dixie has been unofficially beaten to the honor by Sin Kim Dan, a quick-flash from North Korea, who sped over 800 metres in 1min. 59.1sec. during the Games of the New Emerging Forces in Djakarta a couple of months ago.

This run — which clipped 2.1sec. off Dixie's official world record — has not been recognised, however, as North Korea is not affiliated with the International Amateur Athletic Federation.

Dixie, who is tall and attractive, hails from Fremantle, Western Australia, though she's at present working as a stenographer in Sydney and living with Betty Cuthbert's family.

"I moved to Sydney a few months ago because I wanted the tougher competition to get me to my best form for Tokyo," said Dixie.

"And things are working out wonderfully well. Of course, staying with Betty helps because we can train together, and then we can spend all our spare time talking things over and working out ways to better our times.

"We've decided we'll be more than happy in Tokyo if Betty wins the 400 metres and I win the 800 metres."

Though she's just 22, Dixie is an experienced tactician in international running.

At the 1960 Games in Rome she caused a sensation in her 800 metres heat by smashing the Olympic record.

The event was included

on the women's programme for the first time since the 1928 Olympics when it was decided that it was "too tough for women" and Dixie's run thrilled the vast crowd at the Rome Stadium.

In the final she seemed to have the race (and her first gold medal) well in her reach until she fell 90 metres from the finishing-line.

"I was so tired I didn't know what I was doing," Dixie later explained. "My foot caught in the border of the track and I over-balanced."

She proved then that she was made of champion's material because, though she'd lost all chances of winning a medal, she got up and finished the race.

Before this Dixie had never known what it was to have nerves before a race, but it was a different story when she competed in the 880 yards event at the Perth Commonwealth Games in 1962.

After winning the gold medal for the event, she



DIXIE WILLIS, who has moved from Perth to Sydney to train with Betty Cuthbert for the Olympic Games.

said: "I've been nervous about this race for a month or more. In fact, I was so nervous at the start of the race that I howled like a baby."

Dixie, who likes sewing, reading, and surfing, finds she has little time to spare outside athletics, her job, and a "just good friends" romantic interest.

One regret she has about her move to Sydney is that she hasn't had time to teach Sunday School as she did in Fremantle, but she has been addressing church and youth group meetings.

Dixie flew home for Christmas to see her parents and her 20-year-old brother, a member of the

W.A. junior basketball team who has high hopes of making the 1968 Olympic team.

Will Dixie still be running then?

"Well, who knows?" she said with a grin. "I did think of retiring after Tokyo, but the 1966 Commonwealth Games in Jamaica sound enticing, don't they?"

"And maybe by 1966 I'll be saying that the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City sound enticing. I think we'll just have to wait and see how fast my running spikes are travelling before I make any decision."

NEXT WEEK: Percy Hobson.

Beauty in brief:

FINGERNAIL TIPS

WHAT goes on AROUND your fingernails has quite a lot to do with how they're going to look and behave. For instance:

- Never file your nails down at the sides—it weakens the growth and might cause them to split. The same goes for toenails.
- Never dig down your nails with a steel file or probe — clean with an orange stick tipped with cotton-wool.
- Push cuticles back with a towel after washing—do not cut them.
- Treat patches of rough skin at

finger sides with medium-soft nail-brush, then applications of olive oil or hand lotion to soften them.

- Apply varnish to flatter the natural shape of your nails — wide, narrow, fan-shaped, etc. Cover from end to tip for short nails, leave edges free to slim down large, square nails.
- Choose only good brands of nail varnish, because poor quality varnish encourages flaking.
- If your nails start to split or flake, do not use varnish on them for three weeks; use a chamois buffer instead.

—CAROLYN EARLE.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Two weddings

"I AM a girl of 20, and hope to be married next September. The minister of the church where I met my fiance has been a friend of my family for years and wishes to marry us. My future husband's parents and relatives have refused to come to the wedding if it is held in my church. So we are wondering if it would be possible to have two services, which would make everybody happy. If so, how would we go about this?"

H.S., S.A.

There is no legal restriction on the number of religious ceremonies which can be held in connection with a marriage. But the first ceremony conducted is THE marriage service — the one at which you become legally man and wife.

There may, however, be church difficulties regarding a second ceremony. You should consult the ministers of both churches about this.

Feudin' fellas

"WE are two attractive girls who have a terrible problem. Our boy-friends are enemies. Every time one of us mentions the other, one boy-friend starts saying what a bad character the other boy has. We, of course, cannot join in the argument because we cannot see anything wrong with the other boy. It usually ends in a violent quarrel. If this sort of thing keeps up it will become utterly unbearable. The thought of giving up our boy-friends disturbs us tremendously, but the thought of losing each other's friendship disturbs us even more. Also, we have taken up surfing. We go by ourselves because the boys 'wouldn't be seen dead together.' This is getting embarrassing, because when we get down to the beach the gang asks where the boys are. What can we do?"

"Ruby and Felicity," W.A.

I think you should tell the boys frankly that you're fed up with their childish feuding, and that you don't



"This is my last date with you until you get headlights."

intend to let it ruin your friendship with each other.

Tell them you're not interested in hearing their unflattering opinions of each other, and ask them to make an effort — for your sakes — to tolerate each other's company at the beach occasionally.

If they won't agree to do this, point out that you'll have to limit your outings with them so that you have some time together.

If it turns out that their dislike for each other is stronger than their feelings for you, at least you know where you stand.

And while you're down at the beach, take a look at the other fish in the sea.

Toothsome kisses

"I AM a girl of 15, quite attractive, but I have a problem. I have two false front teeth and I am scared to go out with boys in case, when they kiss me goodnight, my false teeth will slip and make me embarrassed. My dentist has told me that there is nothing I can do about them, and assures me that it wouldn't happen, but since I am sensitive and self-conscious, I would always be worried that it would. All my friends laugh at me, saying that such a trivial thing shouldn't make me miss out on all the fun. But to me this is a great worry. Can you tell me how to overcome it?"

"Teething Trouble," N.S.W.

Hundreds of those glamorous film stars you see in close-ups of melting screen kisses wear dentures. So pin your faith in your dentist and next time you're asked for a date, say "yes."

Getting acquainted

"I AM a girl of 19, and like a boy who is about the same age. Unfortunately, meeting him away from his work seems impossible. To purchase goods at his place of business, I call about once a week. I

A word from Debbie . . .

● *Wondering what to do with all those gay Christmas cards now you've taken down the Christmas decorations?*

NOW is the time to make further use of them. Why not:

- Cover a waste-paper tin or box with them and finish off with lacquer.
- Paste cards in exercise or scrap books and send them to children's hospitals and missions.
- Cut the flower or star motifs from them and paste them on to plain gift tags for birthdays during the year.
- Use plain white backs of the cards for note-paper (make sure there is no verse on the inside).

● Cut out the most colorful pictures and paste them on to a plain lampshade. You can then lacquer over them or cover them with transparent wrapping.

● Paste pictures on a tray and then lacquer over them. You could also make a set of cork coasters to match.

● Keep special ones in your photograph album, or bind the edges of each card with black or brightly colored passe-partout framing tape and pin them to a wide strip of black velvet. Hang this on the wall from a big brass curtain ring.



"I hope I don't fall in love next week. I've got a lot of homework to do."

think he is interested too, but due to shyness, "hello" is about as much as we say to each other. Could you suggest some way we could get talking? His employer and other staff are always about, and therefore conversation is limited. Do you think it would be too forward of me to ask him to a party at my home? He knows my parents a little from their visits to the shop."

C.P., S.A.

Ask him to your party by all means. How about doing it by telephone? That will give you the chance to get past the "hello" stage away from the rest of the staff.

You could also try making your weekly call at his place of business just before closing time. He'll feel freer to talk to you, and — if you're suitably laden — he'll maybe help you carry your parcels to your bus stop.

Gay rival

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and I am going steady with a 17-year-old boy. Lately another girl who is always gay and exciting has been trying to take him from me. I am very shy and don't know what to say when she is with us. My friend said that he won't leave me for her, as she is a flirt. Please help me, as I don't want to lose him."

"Shy," Tas.

Just be natural and friendly when the other girl is with you. Don't get any feelings of inferiority because you think you're not "gay and exciting." A shy girl with a pleasant nature is just as attractive as a gay girl — often more so. I'd say your friend thinks so, too.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

THE GREATEST LATE, LATE SHOW ON EARTH

• I see that a TV show with quite a difference is causing a stir among the girls at an American college.

THE girls are up in arms — and down in the dumps — about the show — even though they are the stars.

You see, the TV camera "spies" on them as they come back to the college with their escorts after dates.

As soon as an incoming girl enters an area around the college door, her housemother can see what goes on on closed-circuit TV.

Thus she can keep a check on good-night kissing.

She breaks up farewelling at midnight, then keeps an eye out for latecomers.

A commercial TV channel would lick its lips over the top shows the housemother gets for nothing on her late, late show.

Think of them all . . .

For one thing she gets the latest news — even, when a girl is making up her mind if she's going to be kissed, what one might call a *whether* report!

With girls whose decision is positively in the negative she sees "The Untouchables."

In the case of lasses who allow one peck and no more she has a series of "Say When."

And isn't every night the "Deadline Midnight"?

Cuddling is barred by the housemother. A suspicious movement by an arm is likely to end a performance.

So, at least, there's no "Mobile-Limb Show!"

But the housemother is still "Ringside With the Wrestlers."

Perhaps the girls could beat the problem by selling advertising space on the programme.

The pause for a word from a sponsor might be the pause that refreshes.

Even when a girl comes home with a square who won't pucker up the show must go on.

"Four Corners," of course!

— Robin Adair



"Ooh! Be careful you don't hit Gary!"

OFFERED HIM 25 THOUSAND. HE SAID "I'VE GOT MY OWN MUSIC" AND WALKED AWAY. HE WAS 21 AT THE TIME. HE WAS THE FIRST TO SING "I'VE GOT MY OWN MUSIC".

PULL OUT AND TOLD ALONG THE LINE.



CLIFF RICHARD

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 22, 1964

DOLPHIN

Second instalment of our charming serial

By ERIC LAMBERT



HAVING been assigned the position of schoolteacher in Jindi, DORA KING, an attractive but prim English girl, is embarrassed when met by TEDDY PUGH, whom she mistakes for a beachcomber. On her first morning at the school she is non-plussed when none of her pupils turn up. Teddy explains that often on a Monday they take an unofficial holiday and go to the beach. Dora joins them and challenges boastful GINGER PERKINS, a boy of about 13, to a swimming race. She beats him.

The following morning Dora discovers that one of her pupils, EVA CAVEY, has a rash on her face. She visits DOCTOR MANNING in Panambura, a town about 20 miles distant, to get an ointment. There she meets big businessman crafty ARNOLD BAKER. On her return Teddy visits her after being on a drinking bout and asks her to marry him. She indignantly refuses. Next morning he apologises. Realising that in spite of his weakness he is a kind man, she accepts him as a friend. Gradually Dora settles down to the peaceful, simple life of Jindi. NOW READ ON:

Teddy and Dora cheered as Ginger Perkins proudly rode the dolphin.

TEDDY PUGH "broke out" again, and disappeared into Panambura. This time he was gone for a week. His boat rode alongside the little jetty, used by the children as a diving platform. If Jindi wanted fish, the men angled for them from the rocks or in their dinghies. Jack Cavey cleaned out the schoolroom. There were no oysters. The children talked about Teddy's "breaking out" as casually as they talked about going for a swim. It was an accepted thing, neither wondered at nor censured.

It gradually became apparent to Dora that she was expected to take the place of Edie Gorman; no other kind of schoolteacher existed within the bounds of their comprehension. This meant far more than transmitting learning to the children in the schoolroom.

Charlie Webber was courting Mamie Thoms' elder sister, Irene, and having a bit of trouble with her, he confided one evening, accosting Dora on the track near the bungalow, where he had obviously been waiting for just that purpose.

"Come in, Charlie," she told the lanky, shy youth, who seemed inclined to linger outside the fly-wire, turning a blackened slouch hat over and over in his long, work-scarred fingers. Even at twenty, his eyes sat in a mass of sun wrinkles. Noticing this, she wondered fleetingly when the Australian sun would accomplish the destruction of her own English complexion.

Charlie followed her inside and sat down on the chair she offered him as though it were red hot. There was about him an air of vague surprise at actually being inside the teacher's bungalow. "Would you like a cup of tea, Charlie?" she asked.

When she had settled him in a sea-grass chair with a cup of

tea the story came out, halting and mumbled. Irene worked in Panambura now; she came home to Jindi at weekends, but only long enough to get into glad rags and high heels and catch the bus back to Panambura and the bright lights of Baker's fair-ground and the back row of the cinema.

Once she liked to swim and fish with him, go for long walks in the bush. Now, dazzled by Panambura, she scorned all such simple delights. And then there were these Panambura boys . . .

The innocent idyll of Charlie and Irene, in short, was ended. Irene had found the world around them, and developed a thirst for its fruits. Irene had been described by several Jindi women as no better than she should be. It was sad, really, and Dora didn't quite know how to explain it to Charlie. How to describe the inevitable tragedy of innocence destroyed?

"Listen to me, Charlie. Life is something that must be faced, and lived. You can't blame Irene for loving life. It's only natural in a high-spirited girl. To stay in Jindi is to bury oneself, Charlie. What is there for Irene here?"

"There's me, ain't there?"

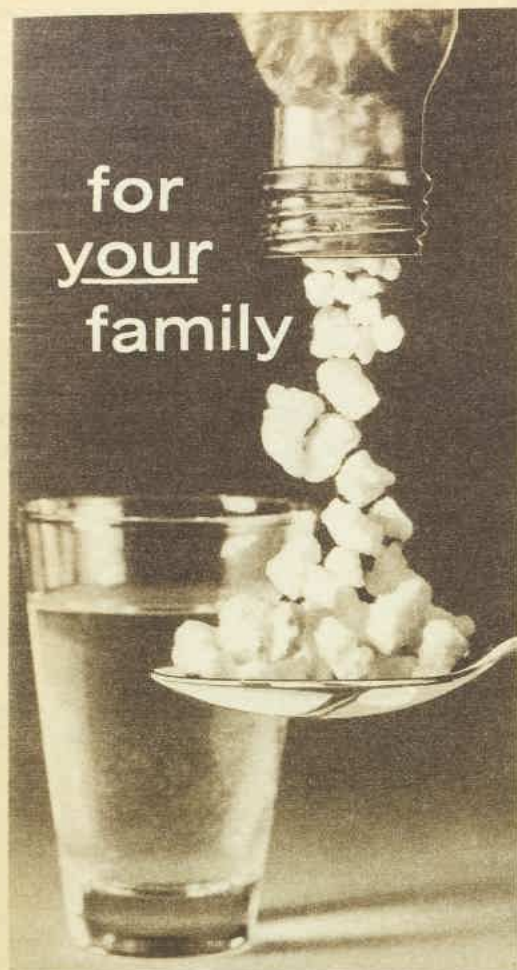
"Perhaps you can't offer her what she wants, Charlie."

"I want you to tell her to come home and behave herself. She's shaming 'us all."

"Charlie, nobody has the right to tell Irene how to order her life. I'll talk to her and try to help the pair of you to sort out your differences, but I can't tell Irene to do anything."

That was as far as she could go, and finally Charlie accepted that much. "I'll tell her to come and see you when she gets back on Saturday," he said, and slouched out, awkwardly, miserably.

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pick the simplest way to settle 'upset tummy' — double-acting **DEXSAL**

The simplest — and safest — because it's formulated wholly and solely to settle upset tummy, nothing else. It contains no pain killer, which can so often set up an excess-acid reaction in the stomach. The lively, sparkling drink of Dexasal dissolved in water is safe. **Simply-formulated Dexasal acts in two ways:** brings quick, direct relief to 'upset tummy' discomforts or sick feelings and, simultaneously, restores your lost energy. That's because Dexasal contains 34% medicinal glucose — the energy-builder that quickly restores your natural vitality. Take care of **your** family, when upset-tummy strikes, with the lively Dexasal drink — the simplest way to settle tummy upsets.

(N.B. Children love the fresh tingly-taste of Dexasal)

Double-acting Dexasal quickly relieves:

- Ordinary indigestion
- Heartburn
- Acidity
- Bilioussness
- Car and travel sickness
- Sick headache
- Nausea
- Periodic upsets
- Over-eating or drinking

Safe for all the family. And especially recommended for expectant mothers.



DEXSAL

A product of Drug Houses of Australia

MISS CRAIG'S MR. HARPER

He was a paragon to
her — a short story

By JOHN NIELD

TOWARD the end I came very close to Miss Craig, and she told me quite a lot of the background of this affair, and what she didn't tell me in words she revealed unconsciously.

It is strange that I should have kept in touch with Miss Craig after she left the bank. At one time I had looked forward to her retirement.

In those days Miss Craig was cordially detested by the rest of the staff. I suppose every office has its Miss Craig. They have worked so long at the same place that they have become an institution. And, usually because they work for the chief to whom they have passionate loyalty, they have taken unto themselves the shadow of his authority.

They are domineering and contemptuous of their colleagues. Whilst the staff may put up with the boss being "high-hat" because he is the boss, particularly if he is efficient and reasonably just, they resent furiously someone giving himself or herself airs who is, after all, only one of themselves.

Not that Miss Craig cared in the slightest what they thought. It isolated Mr. Harper and herself from the rest as though they were on a tight little desert island together.

Mr. Harper was the manager. He was quite an impressive figure: tall, portly, with an overbearing eye, and an impressive way of saying things that made a triviality sound profound.

He was always immaculately dressed in a rather old-fashioned way. For years he had worn black coat and striped trousers, but lately had relapsed into decent clerical grey. His linen was spotless, his collars as stiff as himself.

He was not liked by the staff; he was a martinet at a time when martinets were going out of fashion. He was always acutely conscious of his elevated station in life, and he let everybody else know it. But he was dignified and responsible, and without liking him they respected him.

Miss Craig worshipped him. He was her ideal of a businessman. He never treated her with any more familiarity than he showed to the rest of the staff, but he upheld her authority over the others, on the principle, I suppose, that anything on which his shadow had fallen had thereby become sacred.

The years passed. In a changing world Miss Craig had achieved a state of permanence. She accepted that it would go on for ever thus; that the day couldn't dawn when she wouldn't go to the bank, sit humbly with Mr. Harper, take his dictation, type his letters and wage war with the underlings.

The day did dawn and it blew Miss



Craig's world apart with the force of an atomic blast.

Out of the blue, after a morning of prosaic dictation, Mr. Harper closed his file and said in a conversational voice: "Oh, Miss Craig, I shall be leaving at the end of the month."

"Leaving?" echoed Miss Craig.

"Oh, nothing wrong, I assure you," said Mr. Harper with a cold smile at the thought that anything could possibly be wrong where he was concerned. "I have come into a small legacy and I have determined to retire from the business world. I have put in my resignation. I am going to a little place I have purchased in Devon."

"Oh!" said Miss Craig, gathering her papers mechanically and noting with surprise how her fingers were shaking. "I shall be sorry."

"Thank you," said Mr. Harper in a tone that did not invite any further conversation.

It took Miss Craig days to come to full realisation. When she awoke each morning — indeed before she awoke — there was a black curtain hanging over her dreams and she passed through it into the waking world and a sense of utter desolation. Mr. Harper would soon be no longer with them. Mr. Harper had not departed this life: worse, almost, he had departed from her life.

Mr. Harper seemed to have no sense either of regret or of elation. He pursued his dignified career to the end, signed his last letter, collected his rather begrudged farewell gift from the staff, made a suitably formal and cold response to show that he knew it was only a token presentation, and had then, without a last look round his office, held out his hand and said: "Well, this is goodbye, Miss Craig. Thank you for all you have done. No doubt we shall see something of each other some day."

And he was gone. His umbrella, his bowler hat, his "Financial Times," his portly form, all gone, gone, gone.

And as for those last fatal words, an ironic Fate jotted them down. He and Miss Craig did meet again some day and, when they did, Miss Craig killed him as surely as if she'd put a bullet into him.

The man looked back at Miss
Craig as he hurried away.

A favorite has no friends. Now the staff turned on Miss Craig tooth and nail. As little politeness and mercy as she had shown in the days of her authority was now meted out to her.

Of course, it was really Mr. Wayleigh's fault. He was the new young manager who had taken over. He should have reaffirmed her right to lord it over the staff.

Instead, he preferred to deal with the staff direct and not through her. And this manner of dealing with them was all wrong. He didn't seem to know he was the manager. He discussed matters with them instead of just giving them their orders.

Miss Craig heard christian names bandied about, and the sound of conversation and laughter. Really, it was getting like a supermarket!

And Mr. Wayleigh chatted to Miss Craig, floundered when dictating, and asked her "how to put it." How could you respect a man like that — especially after Mr. Harper?

Mr. Wayleigh, of course, would have liked to have run Miss Craig up the siding, her austere eye and thin-lipped coldness gave him the creeps. But he was, I believe, a good-natured young man and she did her work well and knew a whale of a lot about procedure, and so he shouldered his cross.

But Miss Craig's eagle eye soon detected that all was not well at the bank. The internal audit spent an increasing amount of time there. There were conferences daily behind closed doors. A subdued Mr. Wayleigh made several visits to head office. It was obvious, of course, he had got things into a fine state.

Perhaps — and how her heart pounded! — perhaps they would send for Mr. Harper to return. He alone, she was convinced, could save them.

Came the morning when young Mr. Wayleigh sent for her.

"I think there's something I ought to tell you," he said nervously. "There's something seriously wrong at the bank."

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*It was Liz's first chance
to be a bridesmaid but
Alida nearly spoilt it all
... a short short story*

**By PATRICIA
KENT**

ILLUSTRATED BY
ASTRA

The Wedding



ALIDA, my sister, is absolutely marvellous. I mean she really is. She's not a mean sneaky rat like my brother George, who's always cutting worms in bits to see if they grow or join up or something. Actually, my name's Liz and although I'm 12, which really isn't very old, I'm very advanced for my age because my teacher's always telling me.

Anyway, this day, Alida came home from work and she was all pink and her eyes were shining like mad. She ran into where Mum and Dad were sitting doing nothing like they always do, and told them she was getting married. I guess she didn't have to say who to, because Mum got all misty and said he was a lovely boy and she wasn't losing a daughter and corny stuff like that. And then she and Dad went over to the window and mooned over a crummy, rose, bush they planted when they got married. It's all gnarled and twisted so that tells you how old they are.

Anyway, George was pleased, because this boy that Alida thinks is just too marvellous is a mean sneaky rat, too, so they have a lot in common. His name is Peter and he works in some creepy hole adding up numbers all day, so what's so big deal about that? And his eyes are all watery and he cracks his thumb all the time and his tie is always crooked. Alida thinks it's sweet. Actually it's absolutely icky.

Mum was swoony about the whole ghastly mess and she and Alida bought all sorts of books with brides' dresses in them. Alida said I'd have to start washing my knees if I was going to be bridesmaid. George rolled round the floor pretending he was dying of hysterics. He thought I'd be a crummy bridesmaid. So just to show that rat I said I jolly well would be, and then Mum cried and said her little baby girl was growing up and she'd soon be married, too. George said no one in his right mind would marry me. Likewise, I said, I mean, who'd marry a boy that cuts up worms?

What with all the fuss and everything over the wedding, everyone forgot about Peter, and Alida kept saying he couldn't come over, which was all right with me because his watery eyes give me the creeps.

And then it happened. Peter came over to see Alida and I opened the door. It was funny, because he didn't look creepy any more. He just looked good and mad. So, of course, I just hung around outside the lounge-room door and listened. Peter said Alida was only interested in the wedding and didn't care two hoots about being married or anything. And his voice wasn't moony and watery, either, it was all sort of thick and gruff. Alida said he was being stupid, which didn't surprise me, because he usually was.

Then Peter said he was sick of feeling rejected (I looked that up in the dictionary afterwards and it means that nobody wants you sob sob), and Alida said well if that's

how he felt he could jolly well take his old ring back and they could forget all about the wedding. And Peter said well that was fine with him, and perhaps he could find a girl who just wanted to get married and not bother with all that wedding jazz. Then Alida must have thrown the ring at him, because she came running out the door and nearly fell over me (oh, the shame). Her face was all red and funny and her eyes were bright, but angry bright if you know what I mean. Then Peter came out and he had a face like thunder and he went out and banged the door behind him.

I went upstairs and looked through the keyhole in Alida's room. George and I hid the key once so we look through when Alida used to do soppy things like making faces in the mirror and dancing in her nightie. This time, though, I didn't feel like laughing much because Alida was lying on her bed crying and snuffling all over the pillow. I went in and woke George up, and he said we'd better think what to do. He sat on the bed and cracked his knuckles for a while and suddenly he said he had a good idea that he'd read somewhere in a book. So he told me about it and I thought it was pretty crafty.

Next morning George came in and woke me up, because he said we'd have to get an early start on the Plan. So I put on my old jeans, the ones with the red paint on them. We crept downstairs so we wouldn't wake Alida and the oldies, and went to the garage to get our bikes.

George said we had to go down and see this friend of Alida's called Dimity (actually she's frightfully dumb and everyone calls her Dimwitty, so we had to be careful we got her name right if she was going to help us).

I threw some stones at Dimwit . . . er . . . Dimity's windows and after about three days she put her head out and asked us what we wanted. Only she wasn't polite. George said there was a big trauma at our house and she'd better help otherwise she wouldn't be able to come to the wedding or the reception and wear the (crummy) dress she'd made specially. George is very clever and cunning sometimes. He knows just what's important to some people. Dimw . . . Dimity said she'd be right down.

We asked if she had anything to eat so we went to the kitchen and had bread with jam and pickles on it and some left-over lemonade. Dimity said she felt sick, but what could she do for Alida? I told her that really, underneath, Alida thought that Peter was too massive for words, and she really did want to marry him.

Dimity agreed, which she always does, so then George told her all about the Plan, which was, to cut a long plan short, to make Peter and/or Alida jealous.

Dimity said how romantic and yes she'd do it and she'd get Fab Philip Johnson to help. All the girls think he's fabulous and so does he. He just gives me a pain.

Dimity went upstairs and got dressed in something ghastly and then she was ready to go over to Philip Johnson's place. She thought it was a real thrill and she was in his place for absolutely ages. Anyway Philip said he'd do it because he'd always liked Alida and didn't want to see her pining away for ever.

By that time it was getting on and jam and pickles isn't very filling, so George and I thought we'd go home and eat and see what was going on.

It was pretty disappointing, though, because Alida was still in her room and Mum and Dad just sat round looking gloomy.

That night there was this ghastly school fete that just everyone goes to because it's supposed to encourage youth or something. There was to be the usual crummy dance afterwards. Mum went and talked for absolutely hours to Alida, and finally persuaded her to come to the fete.

We all got ready. I had to wear this grisly dress that some old aunt had sent for Christmas which prickled like mad, and George had to wear a collar and tie which made his Adam's apple stick out. Alida looked all pale and sad, but gorgeous because she always does.

When we got to this fete everyone was there, and there were all those soggy cakes with the lumps that everyone keeps specially for fetes and hard biscuits and beaut sticky toffee which is the only reason the fete's any good.

Dimwitty was there with Fab Philip Johnson and she looked ghastly in one of those dresses with frills everywhere, and he kept trying to look like someone called Rudolph Valentino, whoever he is. George went over and said to get ready so Fab Philip went over and started talking to Alida, which of course was part of the Plan.

Then I saw Peter. He'd just come in with his mother, who's on the school committee, so I guess she'd dragged him along, too. Dimity went right on over and began giving him the business.

Anyway, Peter looked away from Dimwitty for a minute (and I mean who wouldn't?) and saw Alida and Fab Philip; he had his hand on her arm and she was smiling up at him. His face went all red and funny like it did that night at our place. Then Fab Philip leant down and whispered something in Alida's ear. Peter let out this marvellous shout and jumped clear over the White Elephant stall and hit F.P. right on the nose.

Boy, it was something. George said it was the best punch he'd ever seen. Alida gave this funny sort of laugh and Peter grabbed her and kissed her right in front of everyone. I can tell you it was pretty embarrassing for her family. A week later they got married and we all went, of course, and George got sick because he ate too much.

My brother is mostly a mean sneaky rat like I told you before, but sometimes he does something clever and crafty and then I don't mind about the worms so much.

(Copyright)



Just a few moments while Disprin 'dissolves' away headache . . . then back to the switchboard. Why Disprin? Because Disprin is soluble aspirin, and soluble aspirin is far less likely to upset the stomach than ordinary aspirin. It is simply that ordinary aspirin enters the stomach as undissolved acid particles which in some people can cause upsets ranging from mild indigestion to more serious stomach disorders. Disprin, however, dissolves completely, enters the bloodstream more quickly to bring prompt relief from headaches and pain, and is far less likely to cause stomach upset. That's why people who cannot be replaced take Disprin, the soluble aspirin, for the relief of pain. Shouldn't you?



Ask for Disprin—the soluble aspirin
From Chemists only

Pucci fashions splash brilliant color all over the world...



Glittering two-piece dinner pyjamas. Pucci says he created the design so that women could look glamorous when entertaining casually at home.

● Elegant 49-year-old Italian designer Emilio Pucci (address, Palazzo Pucci, Via di Pucci, Florence) exports his fashions to 51 different countries

The Emilio Pucci fashions arrived in 1950, and from the day they were launched they were a success.

They are designed for a sportive, chic way of life—and for the tall slender woman who has plenty of that commodity.

Pucci's taste is fastidious, and his color sense brilliant. His colors and fabrics change more often than his designs, and they are often more attention-catching.

I know of no other designer who can give a familiar style an entirely new look by a change of color and fabric.

Largely because of his eye for color, his designs are not copyable. Even the most inexperienced fashion eye can see that the bargain-basement copies are unsigned fakes.

Pucci clothes are expensive, but they are lasting. He summed it up: "My fashions are casual, but that does not mean careless."

—BETTY KEEP



Italian designer Emilio Pucci with one of his top models. The model wears Turkish-style pyjamas and a striped mink bolero.

Two-piece jersey sarong (right) is made in one of Pucci's subtle prints. Both design and colors were inspired by Italian sunshine and Balinese fashions.



Dress Sense

by
**BETTY
KEEP**



2583.—Girl's princess-line dress in sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, and 14 for size 25, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. chest. Butterick pattern 2583, price 5/- includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

● This teenage summer frock was specially chosen for a girl with a 26in. waist and 32in. chest. A pattern is available for the design also in chest sizes 25, 26, 28, and 30in.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you supply me with a suitable pattern for my daughter, who is 14 years of age and rather big? The dress is to wear to a picture party on a Saturday afternoon. I want the style to be simple. I have bought a linen-like cotton printed in squares."

I suggest a princess-line dress with a little collar and a bow trim. The design has a panel front and the skirt is gathered from the panel. The white collar is detachable.

The pattern (see above) also includes a collarless design with short sleeves and a sleeveless design in two colors. Beside the illustrations are further details and how to order.

"What would you recommend as a comfortable outfit for a long trip in a plane?"

To my mind, an easy-fit coat-dress is one of the most travel-worthy fashions. The newest version of the coat-dress has a double-breasted fastening. I suggest you have the design finished with wrist-length sleeves that can be rolled up or down.

"What is the correct type of stocking to wear in the country?"

Mesh stockings are appropriate with country clothes.

"Would you suggest a suitable style for a teenager's skirt? It will be made in heavy black linen and worn with a scarlet top."

I suggest a suspender skirt with two inverted pleats below a fitted hip yoke.

"I have bought a black silk sheath frock I intend wearing for after-5. As I want to keep it all black with some touch of glamor, what accessories should I wear?"

Black satin sandals, short black kid gloves, and important fake jewel earrings.

"What type of fabric would be suitable for an informal dinner dress that can also be worn for late-day? The style I have chosen for the frock has an Empire bodice, short sleeves and a collarless neckline."

Embroidered linen, organza (lined), a bright print, or Thai silk.

A DANGEROUS CASE OF LOVE

Continued from page 30

"Well — yes," Joe managed a little laugh. "Or rather, no. Not all the other nights. As a matter of fact —" He was about to say: "We're all washed up, Janice and I. We could see for ourselves that we weren't right for each other," but something stony in Laurie's face made him hesitate.

"When do I meet her?" Laurie said almost angrily. "You did want my opinion, didn't you?" She looked away. "Or maybe you don't want it any more."

"Of course I do," Joe said hastily. Something inside him had dropped to a low, gloomy place. It wasn't time to make a move toward her, after all; she was still only interested in him in a clinical way. He would have to carry Janice Walters a little longer.

"Well, then — when do I meet her?"

He swallowed. "As a matter of fact, she's giving a cocktail party this Saturday." He had almost laughed when the invitation had come from out of the blue it had seemed to add a wry note to the whole silly business.

"Good," Laurie said. "You can bring me along — say that I'm your cousin or something."

Joe began to get a weak, lost feeling. "Don't you think —"

"It's the perfect opportunity," Laurie said. "With all those people there, I can observe her from a distance and then have a long talk with her. I'll manage it, don't worry." She looked up at him. "And then I'll give you my honest opinion — based on sound observation — as to how I think you'd both hit it off together."

Joe stared at her. She looked about as yielding and romantically inclined at that moment as a white-uniformed nurse about to make out a fever chart.

He said feebly: "You do that."

The moment she saw Janice Walters at the party that Saturday, Laurie felt a stab of jealousy so sharp that she was frightened. Because Janice was a tall, beautiful redhead with a husky, intriguing voice. That voice rose a trifle when Laurie was introduced by Joe. "Your cousin?" she cried.

"Second," Joe said hastily. "Once removed." He looked very nervous and red in the face.

"Well, well," Janice said to Laurie. "Let's try to have a little talk later, dear."

From a distance, as the time passed, Laurie watched Janice with a kind of doomed fascination.

She had forgotten all about her reason for being there; the only things she noticed about Janice's personality and character traits were that her eye shadow was an unusual shade and that her legs were good even from the side. But later, when they managed to sit down together, the picture changed.

It was not a long talk, but they covered a lot of ground — people, books, the theatre. Janice talked freely and, with the carelessness of the uninhibited, kept going off the track and revealing little bits and pieces of herself in a kind of sideline commentary. Laurie began to sit up straighter, feeling a rising excitement.

If ever, she thought, two people were not meant for each other, it was this girl and Joe. Janice was outspoken, he was reserved; she was an extrovert, he was an introvert; she was gregarious, he hated crowds —

Laurie caught herself as Janice talked on. The feel-

ing of hope died. She thought bleakly: He won't take any stock in my opinion, anyway; if he loves her, he'll marry her no matter what anyone says. She had sense enough to know that.

Still — Her head lifted. Sometimes a love affair could be nipped in the bud by some chilling observation from an outsider. She had once known a young man who had been madly in love with a girl until someone had made a remark about her unusual laugh. After that, he found himself listening idly to that terrible laugh, then bracing himself against it, then being maddened by it — The affair had snapped a few weeks later.

Laurie looked across the room where Joe was standing with a tall, dark-haired young man. She thought: After all, he does want my honest opinion. All I have to tell him is the truth.

She looked at Janice again. Suddenly her breath caught. Because Janice was looking across the room, too, and something had happened to her face.

Janice said softly, dreamily: "He's awfully good-looking, isn't he?"

Laurie sat very still. Something pinched suddenly, dolefully at her heart. "Very," she said. Janice was deeply in love with him; it was written all over her face.

Her eyes became bleak. What right did she have to make any chilling observation to Joe and wreck this girl's life? And what did she know about psychology or personality traits, anyway?

She jumped up hurriedly. "I've got to run along," she said.

JOE had been watching the two girls uneasily. Now, as he saw Laurie rise, he felt a sudden relief, mixed with hope. It seemed to him that everything had now come to a head and that if Laurie felt anything at all for him she would tell him joyfully on the way home that he and Janice went together about as well as pickles and ice-cream, which anyone could see with half an eye. Then he would take her in his arms and kiss her and explain the whole thing and they would have a wonderful laugh —

But on the way home in the taxi, Laurie stared straight ahead. Finally he drew in his breath and said: "Well —?"

Laurie turned her head slowly and met his eyes. For a long moment, she was torn by a terrible inner conflict, then she drew a deep breath. "I think you'd be fine together," she said.

That next week it all reverted to the way it had been at the beginning; she would meet him on the street and she would mouth a few amenities and smile politely and walk on. Only now, Joe did, too. And each time they left each other they would each get a cold, miserable feeling.

And then, one day while she was shopping in one of the Fifth Avenue stores, Laurie heard a husky voice at her side say: "Wrap it up, please. I'll take it with me."

She turned. And there was Janice Walters, gorgeous in black. As their eyes met, Janice's face lit up. "Why, it's Joe's little cousin!" she cried. "How are you, dear?" "Fine," Laurie said with a dry throat. "How are you?"

"In a tizzy," Janice's hand wagged suddenly below

Laurie's eyes, revealing a sparkling square-cut diamond. "I'm engaged."

"Well, well," Laurie said heavily. "All the best." She thought: He didn't even tell me.

"You met Dick, didn't you?" Janice said. "At my party?"

Laurie stared. "Dick?"

"Dick Thomas. Tall and dark and good-looking. You remember — he was standing across the room from us while we were talking. Next to your cousin Joe."

"Dick?" Laurie said numbly again, still staring. She felt dazed. "Is that whom you're engaged to?"

"Who else?"

Laurie swallowed. "I thought maybe you and Joe —"

It was Janice's turn to stare. "Joe?" She sounded astonished.

"For heaven's sake, I only went out with Joe a couple of times last winter." She gave a little laugh. "He's a real brot of a boy, but he's definitely not my type. Well, I've got to run, dear. So long."

"So long," Laurie said dazedly. She stood very still, watching Janice walk away.

That night, as soon as it got dark, she went out into the little rear garden. She looked up and the light was on in Joe's flat. She bent over, picked up a small pebble, and aimed it at his window.

"Can you come down?" Laurie called.

He hesitated. "I guess so." His head withdrew.

While she waited she touched her hair nervously. It was arranged in a completely new way.

Her heart gave a little lurch when he suddenly appeared out of the darkness. "Hello," she said. "I just wondered if you'd help me out on something."

"Sure," he said politely. "Anything at all."

She looked away. "Well — There's a young man I'm interested in."

"I see," he said flatly.

"But we're not exactly engaged," Laurie spoke slowly.

"The whole thing is—I'm not quite sure if we're right for each other, even though there's a strong attraction." She looked at him again. "Would you look him over and tell me if you think—"

"Very funny," he said.

There was a silence. Finally she said softly: "Joe? Why did you make up that whole business?"

"Because it was the only way I could think of to get you interested in me." He hesitated. "How did you know?"

"I met Janice today. She just got engaged to someone called Dick Thomas."

"Well, that's fine," he said.

The seconds ticked away. Suddenly Laurie took a step forward. "Joe—" Something swelled almost painfully inside her. "I'm very interested in you. I was right from the beginning."

Joe took a step forward, too. "You had a funny way of showing it."

"You gave me to understand that you were in love with another girl."

"Surely you could see after a while—"

"Well, I didn't."

They stood motionless, looking at each other. A faint drift of radio music came drifting down from nowhere. And then, suddenly, they were in each other's arms and he was kissing her.

And as far as Laurie was concerned, the case was closed.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 22, 1964

THE MIRACULOUS PHONOGRAPH RECORD

A charming story of remembered childhood, written by a famous author.

By
**WILLIAM
SAROYAN**

SOMETIME soon after I was thirteen years old, in 1921, I rode home from the heart of Fresno with a wind-up Victor Phonograph under my arm, hitched above my hipbone, and one Victor record. On a bicycle, that is.

The bicycle went to pieces from the use I gave it as a postal telegraph messenger.

The phonograph developed motor trouble soon after my first book was published; and while I was travelling in Europe for the first time in 1935 it was given to the Salvation Army.

But I still have the record, and I have a special fondness for it.

The reason I have a special fondness for it is that whenever I listen to it I remember what happened when I reached home with the phonograph and the record.

The phonograph had cost 10 dollars, the record 75 cents, both brand new. I had earned the money as a messenger in my first week of work, plus 4.25 dollars, which I had in my pocket.

My mother had just gotten home from Guggenheim's, where, judging from the expression on her face, she had been packing figs in 8oz. packs, which I knew was the weight and size that was least desired by the packers, because a full day of hard work doing 8oz. packs, at so much per pack, meant only about a dollar and a half, or at the most, two dollars; whereas if they were packing 4oz. packs they could earn three and sometimes even four dollars, which in those days was good money, and welcome, especially as the work at Guggenheim's, or at any of the other dried-fruit packing-houses, such as Rosenberg's or Inderrieden's, was seasonal, and the season was never long.

When I walked into the house, all excited, with the phonograph hitched to my hip, my mother gave me a look that suggested an 8oz. day. She said nothing, however, and I said nothing as I placed the phonograph on the round table in the parlor, checked it for any accidents to exposed parts that might have happened in transit, found none, lifted the record from the turntable where the girl in the store had fixed it with two big rubber bands, examined both sides of it, and noticed that my mother was watching. While I was still cranking the machine she spoke at last, softly and politely, which I knew meant she didn't like the looks of what was going on. She spoke in Armenian.

"Willie, what is that you have there?"

"I got it from Sherman, Clay, on Broadway."

"The people at Sherman, Clay — did they give you this phonograph?"

"No, I paid for it."

"How much did you pay, Willie?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars is a lot of money in this family. Did you find the ten dollars in the street perhaps?"

"No, I got ten dollars from my first week's pay as a messenger. And seventy-five cents for the record."

"And how much money have you brought home for the whole family — for rent and food and clothing — out of your first week's pay?"

"Four dollars and twenty-five cents. My pay is fifteen dollars a week."

Now, the record is on the machine, and I am about to put the needle to the revolving disc when I suddenly notice that I had better forget it and get out of there, which I do, and just in time, too. The screen door of the back porch slams once for me, and then once for my mother.

As I race around the house I become aware of two things: 1, That it's a beautiful evening; and 2, That Levon Kemalyan's father, who is a very dignified man, is standing in front of his house across the street with his mouth a little open, watching. Well, he's an elder at the First Armenian Presbyterian Church, he isn't from Bitlis, as we are, he's not a Saroyan, and this sort of thing comes as a surprise to him. Surely Takoochi Saroyan and her son are not racing around their house for exercise, or in an athletic contest of some kind, so why are they running?

In a spirit of neighborliness I salute Mr. Kemalyan as I race to the front porch and back into the parlor, where I quickly put needle to disc, and hurry to the dining-room, from whence I can both witness the effect of the music on my mother and, if necessary, escape to the back porch and out into the yard again.

The music of the record begins to come from the machine just as my mother gets back into the parlor.

For a moment it looks as if she is going to ignore the music and continue the chase, and then suddenly it happens, the thing that makes the record something to cherish forever.

My mother comes to a halt, perhaps only to catch her breath, perhaps to listen to the music, there's still no telling for sure.

As the music moves along, I can't help noticing that my mother either is too tired to run any more or is actually listening. And then I notice that she is very definitely listening. I watch her turn from the chase to the machine. I watch her take one of the six cane chairs that have remained in the family from the time of my father from 1911, and move it to the round table. I watch her sit down. I notice now that her expression no longer suggests that she is tired and angry. I remember the man in the Bible who was mad and was comforted by somebody playing a harp. I stand in the doorway to the parlor, and when the record ends I go to the machine, lift the needle from the disc, and stop the motor.

Without looking at me, my mother says, this time in English, "All right, we keep this." And then in softly spoken Armenian, "Play it again, I beg of you."

I quickly give the crank a few spins and put needle to disc again.

This time when the needle comes to the end of the record my mother says, "Show me how it's done." I show her, and she starts the record a third time for herself.

Well, of course, the music is beautiful,



Illustration
by Boothroyd

given to me free of charge by the girl at Sherman, Clay, and then she said, "You have brought home only the one record?"

"Well, there's another song on the other side."

I went back to the machine, turned the record over, and put it in place.

"What is this other one?"

"Well, it's called 'Song of India.' I've never heard it. At the store I listened only to the first one, which is called 'Cho-Cho-San.'"

"What is the meaning of that — 'Cho-Cho-San'?"

"It's just the name of the song, I guess. Would you like to hear the other one, 'Song of India'?"

"I beg of you."

Now, as the other members of the family came home, they heard music coming from the parlor, and when they went in they saw the brand-new phonograph, and my mother sitting on the cane chair, directly in front of it, listening.

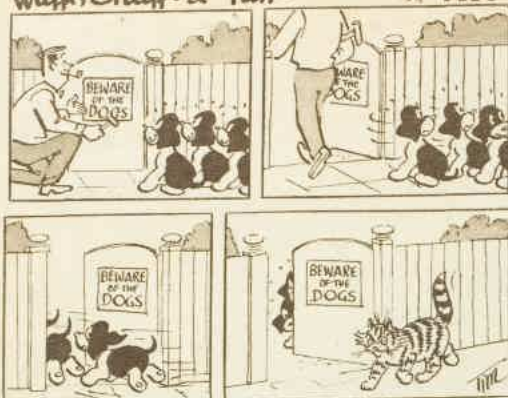
Why wouldn't that record be something I would want to keep as long as possible, and something I deeply cherish? Almost instantly it had won over my mother to art, and for all I know marked the point at which she began to suspect that her son rightfully valued some things higher than he valued money, and possibly even higher than he valued food, drink, shelter, and clothing.

A week later she remarked to everybody during supper that the time had come to put some of the family money into a second record, and she wanted to know what was available. I got out the catalogue and went over the names, but they meant nothing to her, so she told me to just go to the store and pick out something "hrashali," the Armenian word for miraculous, which I was happy to do.

Now, as I listen to the record again, forty-two years later, and try to guess what happened, I think it was the banjo-beat that got her, that spoke directly to her as if to one long-known, deeply understood, and totally loved; the banjo chords just back of the clarinet that remembered everything gone, accepted everything present, and waited for anything more still to come, echoing in and out of the story of the Japanese girl betrayed by the American sailor, the oboe saying words and the saxophone choking on swallowed emotion: Fox Trot (On Melodies by G. Puccini arranged by Hugo Frey), Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. 18777-A.

After that seeming-ecentricity in myself, whenever I was attacked by other members of the family, my mother defended me until she lost her temper, whereupon she shouted, "He is not a businessman, thank God."

(World Copyright: Curtis Publishing Co. of America.)



Miss Craig was not going to pretend to any sympathy. If he'd been given the sack it was well-deserved: trying to step into a better man's shoes!

"I'm afraid it's a criminal matter," said Mr. Wayleigh dejectedly.

Miss Craig stirred slightly at that. She had considered Mr. Wayleigh a very regrettable young man but not a criminal type.

"It's a case of embezzlement," continued that unhappy young man. "It's been going on for years. Thousands of pounds taken and the books falsified. We keep finding fresh items, going back fifteen, twenty years."

"But I knew nothing of this!" said a suddenly flabbergasted Miss

MISS CRAIG'S MR. HARPER

Continued from page 32

Craig, her mind running swiftly over the serried ranks of generations of cashiers to find who among them had had the temerity to deceive Mr. Harper and herself.

"Of course not," Mr. Wayleigh said. "I'm afraid there's little doubt as to who has been responsible for it all—Harper."

"But that's absurd!" cried Miss Craig. "Utterly ridiculous!"

"There's no doubt about it, I'm afraid. He's been fiddling for years. There's a warrant out for his arrest, and the police are looking for him. Of course he never went to Devon; all that about a legacy was just eye-wash. He knew that it was bound to

come out. So he hopped it while the going was good."

What a dreadful, frivolous way of talking! thought a detached portion of Miss Craig's brain.

But that portion of her brain which had already grasped the true situation was dissolving into utter chaos.

"You must be joking surely," she said almost pleadingly. "There's some mistake. Mr. Harper was always such a gentleman to me," she added, and across the gulf between them she had a glimpse of the jubilation of the rest of the staff at this catastrophe.

Miss Craig's face seemed to melt, her eyes seemed to be swimming forward in her head. Good heavens, thought Mr. Wayleigh, I do declare the old girl's going to cry.

"Look," he said, jumping to his feet, "something I've got to do in the general office. You stay here, do some filing or something." And he was gone.

Miss Craig sat there at the desk. She didn't exactly cry; it was just that she couldn't focus her vision.

Here she had sat year after year with Mr. Harper, her ideal of all that a responsible businessman should be, and Mr. Harper, as she had thought him, had never existed. He had made himself a thing of contempt and derision to all the others in the offices outside, as though he had gone and capered before them in his underwear. And he had brought contempt and derision on his high priestess, too.

And Mr. Wayleigh, knowing that, had suggested she should hide here. Did he think she couldn't face them? For a moment she quailed, seeing the faces, jeering, triumphant.

A WAVE of furious indignation at Mr. Harper swept over her. How dare he behave like that? A man can be betrayed and remain revered, but a self-betrayer is not only contemptible, he brings contempt on all those who have believed in him.

Miss Craig went into the general office with head erect. Everybody was bent over ledger, typewriter, or calculating machine.

You see, what Miss Craig had never learnt in her isolation was that there is a mass loyalty among people, in the high places and the low, in palaces and in prisons.

To Miss Craig it was the last straw. She saw only that she was being pitied. She had fallen so low that they even pitied her.

Without a word, without hat, coat, or bag, Miss Craig walked to the door and out into the sunshine.

It shook Mr. Wayleigh rigid. He wondered if the old girl was going to do something desperate and he was surprised to find how much he cared and how worried everybody was.

Eventually he sent a girl round to her flat. Miss Craig was in her room, but was not receiving visitors.

The following morning she was in at the usual time, made some close-lipped apology to Mr. Wayleigh, and life resumed its normal course.

Efficient as ever, Mr. Harper proved too efficient for the police. He had vanished without trace.

His stock even went up a bit. A chap who could do the bank down and get away with it deserved a kind of backhanded admiration.

They were quite tolerant toward Craigie — and you will note she had suddenly attained to a nickname: always a sign of acceptance. She'd had it coming to her, and now they were willing to let bygones be bygones.

Miss Craig, for her part, ate large portions of a diet not without its therapeutic qualities — dirt. Her worst moments were in the early morning. Mr. Harper always haunted her at awakening and it was then she knew how low his fall had brought her and how she hated him for it.

To page 39

NOW! A SUNSILK FOR OILY HAIR



Sunsilk Lemon Shampoo to make even the oiliest hair soft, shining, well-behaved

Oily hair will no longer be a problem when you use Sunsilk Lemon Shampoo. Its lemon-fragrant formula is a special blend of deep-cleansing ingredients that removes excess oil from the hair. Your hair will stay soft, shining, and well-behaved from one shampoo to the next — and you won't have to shampoo so often. Never before has there been a shampoo that gets oily hair so shining clean, so pleasantly. Try Sunsilk Lemon Shampoo — specially made to make oily hair soft, shining, well-behaved.

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MISS CRAIG'S MR. HARPER

Continued from page 38

Came holiday time. Usually she went to the same little hotel in Eastbourne and counted the days until she could return to Mr. Harper. Now there was no Mr. Harper, and Eastbourne would be peopled with too many memories.

Instead, she went to a busy Northern resort and hated every moment.

One afternoon, to fill in time, she took a coach trip to the neighboring cathedral town. All the other passengers chummed up, removed coats and sat in their braces, all very homely and relaxed. Alone Miss Craig remained grimly buttoned-up.

She went round the cathedral with the party, listened half-heartedly to the guide, and presently slipped off into one of the side chapels. It was very quiet and peaceful and she sat, yielding to it. She didn't exactly pray, but her whole being was an inarticulate prayer for something she could never have defined — perhaps, for that peace which passeth all understanding.

And, presently, something like peace came to her and, refreshed and sobered, she went out and found a nice little place for tea.

There were pots of flowers on the tables, a jar of sweet peas on hers, and while she waited for her pot of tea and toast Miss Craig looked at the flowers and remembered . . .

Once Mr. Harper had come into the office with just such a bunch. To be honest, I don't think he'd ever intended them for Miss Craig. Perhaps some girl had stood him up and he was lumbered with them and the sight of Miss Craig gave him an idea.

"I've brought these, Miss Craig," he had said in his unctuous way. "I wondered if you could find a corner on your desk for them."

And for quite four days Miss Craig had been almost in love with him. Personally, I don't think it was very serious. It was nice to tell herself she could have "had" Mr. Harper if she wanted to.

BUT at heart she knew she wanted no greater intimate relationship with Mr. Harper: that it would have been a matter of acute embarrassment to her. How could she reconcile Mr. Harper about the house, in the bedroom, with that godlike figure of the office, all-knowing, all-powerful, all-protecting? For that was what Miss Craig had made of Mr. Harper: a father figure in the only world she knew — the world of her office.

Now she raised her eyes and there was Mr. Harper before her. Oh, it was no manifestation born of her maiden musings! It was Mr. Harper all right, although no one else would have known him.

His iron-grey hair, once so sleek, was stubby and of a dirty, blotchy, pallid gold.

His stern, fatherly moustache had gone, revealing a mean upper lip. His impressive horn-rimmed glasses were replaced by shoddy, ill-fitting ones. He had on a cheap and shiny suit. He looked shrunken, his responsible shoulders slumped. No one would have recognised him as the sleek and pompous bank manager. Most of it was disguise, but some of it looked like deterioration to her.

As I have said no one else would have known him, but Miss Craig had seen him day after endless day, and she knew the shape of his head, the bend of his neck, the curl of his ears, the things a man cannot alter.

And at that moment he looked up. His eyes flickered and he looked quickly away but she knew he knew he had been recognised.

She could feel the panic surging over him.

From sitting frozen, he passed straightaway into feverish activity. She saw him get to his feet, grab his coat and hat without waiting to put them on; saw him hurry to the door, throw some money on the cash desk and then, in the doorway, he froze again.

On the opposite pavement, massive and leisurely, was a policeman.

Mr. Harper threw a glance over his shoulder at Miss Craig, who had also got to her feet.

Now Miss Craig was a very moral woman with a high sense of duty; moreover, for months she had boiled at the way Mr. Harper had let her down. She had only to cry out to the policeman to seize him.

And then Miss Craig's eyes fell on the sweet peas on her table and she remembered . . .

And that chance moment — when Mr. Harper decided to give those flowers to her — stood between him and the many years' imprisonment he richly deserved.

Miss Craig sat down again to drink her tea, go back to the coach and be driven home in the gathering twilight, feeling strangely at peace and happy.

In the office she had repaid Mr. Harper with a lifetime of devoted and unrewarding service; now she had repaid the one moment when

she had seen herself in a different relationship.

But — you will say — you said that, when they met, Miss Craig killed him. And, although she never knew it, so she did, with a little aid from Fate. That lady still has an almost Victorian gusto for finishing her real-life stories with a moral.

Mr. Harper stayed in his lodgings for a few days, every second expecting the knock on the door, the uniformed men outside. Then it came to him that he was going to get away with it: why, he did not know — perhaps Miss Craig had jibbed at her idea of a "scene," of chasing her erstwhile boss down the public highway in company with a policeman. Women are queer cattle.

FINALLY, he sallied forth, black-spectacled, en route for the railway station and faraway places where even that old dragon Craig couldn't follow him.

As he crossed the road, he looked up and to his darkened vision it seemed that a female form coming toward him was that of Miss Craig. It wasn't — she had purged her mind of him and was probably doing a cruise round the bay at that moment.

In a panic, he turned and ran back whence he came and a speeding car caught him. He died later in hospital.

How do I know? You see, I happen to be the immature Mr. Wayleigh, who so ineffectively took Mr. Harper's place. They found some papers on him and sent for me.

He told me something of this before he died. He was very bitter toward Miss Craig. He seemed to think he'd have been quite a decent chap if she hadn't insisted on foisting him on to everybody as a little tin god. Queer, isn't it?

I never told her or, for that matter, anybody else at the bank.

But I got quite fond of Craigie and was with her at the end and the old dear looked at me with drowsy eyes and said: "You know at one time I never thought you'd make a manager, but I was wrong — you did. In fact, I don't think even Mr. Harper could have done better."

Considering how Mr. Harper had turned out, you might think that a very left-handed compliment. But it wasn't what Mr. Harper saw; it was what Miss Craig saw him as, and you know that applies equally to all of us.

Although I've just had my long-service award from the Board, with all sorts of flattering remarks, somehow or other I value far more the knowledge that I didn't fall so far short, in Miss Craig's eyes, of the great Mr. Harper himself.

(Copyright)

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Like thousands of other households at this time of year, ours is practically restricted to ONE topic of conversation at the moment — the pros and cons of various jobs and various sorts of training.

THE gods were good to Diana (or maybe she did a little bit more work this year than we gave her credit for) and she scraped home in that all-important Leaving pass. It wasn't a pass to boast about, or even one to write home about, but it was a pass, and honor is satisfied.

"Now I can begin to live," Di says. I think she was the most surprised member of the family, and certainly the most relieved, because Hugh had been holding over her head the threat that she might have to go back to school and repeat if she didn't scrape through.

Anyway, she scraped, and she's as proud of that pass as if she'd topped the State.

I realise now how lucky Kay was in knowing all along what she wanted to do. With her, the only worry was whether she'd manage a good enough pass to get a Commonwealth scholarship and so make her course possible.

But Di, apart from the fact that she has been wanting with all her heart and soul to be able to leave school, has only the haziest idea of what she wants to do. Now that the moment has really come, she's spinning like a top, and managing to keep the household in a spin, too.

One day she thinks she'll choose nursing; the next day she thinks she'll train as a radiologist because that's what one of her closest friends has decided to do; by the next morning she's given that idea up in favor of dress-designing.

The one thing I'm anxious she shouldn't do is to go into an easy, dead-end job because the starting pay is good compared with some job for which a reasonable amount of training is necessary.

This attractive-pay-and-no-prospects-whatsoever risk is even greater for boys, I suppose, since most of them, choosing now, are choosing a job they're likely to have to go on with all their lives.

Such a lot of genuine ability gets wasted that way, because £15 a week looks so much more attractive than £6 or £7 while they're learning a trade.

If only there was some way of making them look ahead to the years when they'll have a wife and some children to support and aren't throw away a steady, dull job that doesn't make full use of their abilities, in order to have a go at something that does.

What a job it is to choose a job . . .

PERHAPS it isn't quite so urgent for a girl. Hugh's inclined to argue on the she'll-only-get-married-and-throw-her-training-away line.

My argument is that no training is ever thrown away, quite apart from the fact that no one can foresee the future. Perhaps she'll marry (I hope so!) and perhaps she won't. And even if she does there's no guarantee whatsoever that fate or chance or her own desire to do so won't some day make it necessary for her to go back to work again.

If that should happen she'll be in a much better position if she's been trained to do well something she's interested in doing. And even if she only works for a few

years, the discipline of learning and the responsibility of doing a skilled job will pay tremendous dividends to her future family.

Some of the things we've been through include the radiology I've already mentioned (disposed of by Hugh's drawing her attention to the fact that you need Leaving passes in Physics, Chemistry, and Maths); hairdressing ("What!" Kay said, "Can you imagine Di spending her working life in a place where no men ever appear?"); beautician (same objection!); doctor's receptionist (rosy dreams of working for a Ben Casey or a Jim Kildare?); dental nurse (suggested by Mike and disposed of by Di with one word — ugh!); and kindergarten teaching, nursing, library work, and training as a shorthand typist (which we all still have under serious consideration).

Those four seem to me the ones she should investigate and think about, but the rest of the family are still busy thinking up alternatives for her.

Mike, galled by the fact that her extra years and size make her stronger than he is, keeps suggesting that she would make a first-class policewoman. Di herself still has leanings towards modelling and (more sensibly) dress-designing.

I think that's something she might have some aptitude for, if she was really willing to work at it; but Di, bless her, is one of those optimistic souls who can't see anything against beginning at the very top of the tree. I think she may change her mind a bit when she finds out just what a long, hard pull it is from junior hand to creator of a one-man show.

Now the toothbrush is a status symbol

I LOVED the recent little news item that told the world that chemists can't sell red-handled toothbrushes to rich people.

As the owner (not rich and never likely to be) of a long, long line of toothbrushes with scarlet handles, I want to know what color the rich DO buy.

Do they have them plated in platinum? Or do they go for nice restrained pastel mauves and yellows?

Toothbrush colors in this household, like many other things, I suppose (how bossy mothers get!), are dictated by me.

Years and years ago before the children were old enough to want a voice in the matter, or to show any signs of whether they were likely to grow up to make money or to spend it, I forced a color on every member of the family.

This applied for toothbrushes, towels, washers, and serviettes, as well as plastic mugs while they were the junior members' chief drink containers.

Hugh's color was blue for all these things, Kay's yellow, Di's white, Mike's green, and mine red. This simple system, over the years, has saved hundreds of man hours of looking, sorting, squabbling, and trading germs.

What would a strange chemist, hearing me ask for five toothbrushes, one blue, one yellow, one white, one green, and one red, make of my financial status? Or would he just wonder whether I worked a five-day week at my teeth and had a rest from cleaning them at the weekends?

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





NEW!

Lemon Velvet

Enjoy Summer's freshest flavour in ALL your favourite mixes — White Wings Cake Mix, Sponge Mix, Instant Pudding and Jelly! Serve them all—serve them often—to put pleasure (and more leisure) into hot days ahead. You'll find White Wings Lemon Velvet is the light taste, the right taste for Summer. Look for New Lemon Velvet flavour at your store today.



"They're heavenly"

BE CREATIVE WITH CAKE MIXES



ANGEL'S FOOD CAKE is the queen of dessert cakes. Top its snowy whiteness with fruit and whipped cream as suggested at left, or make the tangy Lemon Angel Cake, the recipe for which is given overleaf.

● Modern cooks are finding it easy to create mouth-watering specialties with cake mixes as a start. This four-page feature gives recipes showing how it is done.

Continued overleaf



DEVIL'S FOOD SLICE is a dark, delicious chocolate cake baked on top of a layer of biscuit pastry. The Chocolate Cream Biscuits have a peppermint filling. Recipes overleaf for these biscuits and cake.



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● In this panel are the recipes for the cakes and biscuits shown in the two color pictures on the previous page.

LEMON ANGEL CAKE

One packet angel cake mix, 1 packet lemon instant pudding, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, extra whipped cream.

Prepare cake as directed on packet; cool. Carefully slice cake into three layers. Spread Lemon Cream Filling generously over two layers, leaving the top plain. Spread thin layer of filling over top of cake, decorate with extra whipped cream.

Lemon Cream Filling: Prepare instant pudding as directed on packet, using only $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk. Whip cream and fold through pudding thoroughly.

Note: Angel Food Cake is the perfect starting-off point for creative desserts. This Lemon Angel Cake is but one idea; try plain angel cake topped with ice-cream, pour over it a tangy lemon sauce or rich strawberry sauce—delicious!

DEVIL'S FOOD SLICE

Three-quarters cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 to 2 tablespoons milk, raspberry jam, 1 packet chocolate cake mix, warm icing, cocoa.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Rub butter lightly in with fingertips. Mix to medium dough with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, wrap in greaseproof paper, allow to chill 1 hour. Meanwhile make up cake mix as directed on packet. Roll out pastry, line base of lamington-tin, spread over raspberry jam, and pour in cake mix. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler. Make up warm icing, reserve 2 tablespoons. To remainder of icing add a little cocoa blended with milk to make smooth chocolate icing. Cover top of cake with this, allow to set. Fill white

icing into piping-bag, pipe straight lines $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart on top of chocolate icing. While still wet, draw skewer or back of knife through in alternate directions to produce marbled design. Allow to set, cut into squares to serve.

Warm Icing: Six ounces icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon butter, vanilla.

Sift icing-sugar into heatproof basin or top half of double saucepan. Add water, butter, and vanilla, gradually, mix thoroughly with wooden spoon. Stir over simmering water until icing softens to smooth, flowing consistency.

CHOCOLATE CREAM BISCUITS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 1 packet chocolate cake mix, Peppermint Cream (see below), icing-sugar.

Cream butter or substitute until very soft and light; add egg-yolk, continue beating until well blended. Sprinkle cake mix over and beat at medium speed until mixture is crumbly. Turn out to lightly floured board, knead lightly. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, cut into fancy shapes or force mixture through biscuit press. Place on ungreased baking-sheet, bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. When cool join together with Peppermint Cream and sprinkle with icing-sugar.

Peppermint Cream: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 tablespoons milk, peppermint essence.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add milk and boiling water very gradually. Carefully add few drops of peppermint essence, continue beating until smooth and creamy.

BE CREATIVE WITH CAKE MIXES . . . continued

YOU'LL find that making cakes with packet cake mixes is a sure way to keep cool, calm, and collect compliments.

There's no weighing of ingredients to do, and provided you follow the directions clearly printed on each packet you can't go wrong.

The range of cake mixes now available is so wide and varied it is possible to choose one for almost any occasion; by selecting a special frosting or filling, or by decorating the cake in an unusual way, you can make it your own individual creation.

You can bake a cake mix in a slab-tin, cut it into squares when cooked, top each square with a swirl of whipped cream, a cherry—and you'll have plates of mouth-melting dainties for afternoon tea.

All the following cakes are shown in color on opposite page.

SHIP CAKE

Two packets cake mix (white, chocolate, or other variety), 6oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons cocoa blended with 2 tablespoons milk, 1 packet white peppermint ring lollies, 1 packet small sugar-coated chocolate lollies, blue shredded coconut.

Make up cake mixes as directed on packet, pour into 2 greased loaf-tins; bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to cool.

Cut from 1 loaf-cake 1 small triangle piece from each corner, so forming the base of boat. From the other loaf-cake cut off 2 in.-thick slice from each end and trim to fit as second deck of boat. Next cut off $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slice, trim to form the top deck (slightly smaller than deck below). Now cut out a funnel from remainder of cake. (There will be some cake left over; use this in trifles or make into cake crumbs.)

To Assemble Cake: Join sections together with a little jam, and, to keep it solid, it may be necessary to push a long wooden or steel skewer from funnel right through to base of cake. Then cover cake with mock cream (white for funnel and top deck, chocolate for remainder), decorate with lollies and use small pieces of matches and cotton to form the deck rail; use decorative cotton or cotton-wool to represent smoke. Place blue colored coconut round base of cake to represent water.

Mock Cream: Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy, add boiling water, milk, and vanilla gradually; continue beating until smooth and creamy. Cover funnel and top deck with $\frac{1}{2}$ of cream. Then add blended cocoa to remaining cream and use as directed.

CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE SQUARES

One packet chocolate cake mix, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped sweetened cream, 3oz. chocolate, 1oz. solid white shortening, 1 packet marshmallows, cherries.

Prepare cake mix as directed on the packet, place in greased 7 in. x 11 in. lamington-tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes, or until cooked. Turn out on cake-cooler, allow to cool. When cold cut in halves lengthwise, fill with whipped cream. Replace top, cover with chocolate icing, which is made by melting together chocolate and white shortening over boiling water. Allow to set, cut into squares, top each square with marshmallow and cherry.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.

CANDLE CAKES

One packet cake mix, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 4 tablespoons water, good pinch cream of tartar, flavoring, shredded coconut, little red candles.

Prepare cake mix as directed on packet, place in greased small custard cups. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 15 minutes. When cooked allow to cool slightly before removing from cups. Cover cakes with frosting made by placing egg-whites, sugar, and water into heatproof basin. Beat with electric mixer on medium speed over boiling water 14 minutes. Add cream of tartar and flavoring. Spread quickly over cakes, toss in shredded coconut, place tiny candle on top of each; add little holly or pine sprigs for each for more color.

SPUN GOLD GATEAU

One packet orange cake mix, egg, water or milk to mix as directed, 4oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. sifted icing-sugar, juice 1 orange, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 4 oranges.

Make up cake mix as directed on packet, place in greased and lined 7 in. x 11 in. cake-tin; bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until cooked; cool.

Cream butter in basin until light and fluffy, gradually add icing-sugar, mix well. Slowly add orange juice, continue beating until smooth and creamy. Spread half the butter cream round sides of cake. Press sides of cake in chopped walnuts. Peel oranges, removing and discarding all pith from fruit. Divide peeled oranges into segments. Spread remaining cream on top of cake and decorate with orange segments.

GLAMOR TORTE

One packet pink lemonade cake mix (or other cake mix), 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1oz. chopped glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, vanilla, 1 teaspoon icing-sugar, pink coloring.

Make up cake mix as directed on packet. Divide into 3 greased 7 in. cake-tins; bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Meanwhile, cream butter or substitute until white and fluffy, gradually add icing-sugar, continue beating until smooth. Add sherry, mix thoroughly. Fold in pineapple, coconut, walnuts, cherries, and pink coloring. Spread between cake layers. Whip cream with icing-sugar and vanilla until stiff. Use to frost top of cake. Refrigerate before serving.

PETIT FOURS

One packet cake mix (white, yellow, chocolate), 12oz. icing-sugar, 3 tablespoons boiling water, butter, flavoring, coloring.

Make up cake mix as directed on packet, pour into a greased slab-tin, and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler.

Make cake the day before and store in airtight tin. Cut cake into fancy shapes with as little waste as possible. Place on cake-cooler over a basin or plate to catch excess icing as each cake is covered. Cover cakes with icing, which is made by combining icing-sugar and small knob of butter in top half of double saucepan. Gradually add boiling water, mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Stir over low heat until icing softens to a smooth running consistency. Flavor and color as desired. Spoon icing evenly over cakes. Decorate with small piped flowers and cream.

More recipes on page 44

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 22, 1964



SHIP CAKE AND CANDLE CAKES above are ideal for children's birthday parties, and so easy to prepare from cake mix. You could make a Candle Cake for every guest to take home as a souvenir. You merely bake and shape, then cover with a butter cream and decorate. Recipes for these two types of cake are given on the opposite page.



MELT-IN-THE-MOUTH DAINITIES for afternoon tea are these Italian Rum Torte, Banana Spice Cake, Chocolate-topped Snowcake, Petit Fours, Glamor Torte and Cream-Filled Chocolate Squares. These recipes begin on the opposite page.



SPUN GOLD GATEAU is a special-occasion cake with the true orange flavor, but so simple you can make it at any time. See opposite page.

HAY FEVER?

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When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever... be sure to have your Bethal Tablets handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as Bethal Tablets work swiftly through the bloodstream. Bethal Tablets are easy to carry and easy to take... two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them! See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with Bethal Tablets. only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.

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American Slimming Tablets

Be creative with cake mixes . . . continued

THIS LOG CABIN CAKE is sure to be a hit at any little boy's birthday party. Windows and door are made from white sugar cigarettes. The directions are below.



CHOCOLATE-TOPPED SNOWCAKE

(See picture page 43)

One packet vanilla snowcake or other white cake mix, 4oz. butter or substitute, 10oz. icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2oz. melted chocolate.

Make up cake mix as directed on packet and pour into 2 greased 8in square tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on cake-cooler when cooked, allow to cool. Fill and frost with chocolate frosting made by creaming butter or substitute until light and fluffy, adding icing-sugar gradually until all is used. Add milk, sherry, and melted chocolate. Continue beating until well mixed. Cut into squares.

BANANA SPICE CAKE

(See picture page 43)

One packet spice cake mix, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ cups sugar, 3oz. milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, pinch mixed spice, 3oz. chocolate (melted), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 bananas, lemon juice.

Make up spice cake mix as directed on packet, place in greased 7in. x 11in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler, top with the following frosting:

Melt butter in saucepan, add sherry, milk, sugar, and spice. Bring to the boil, stirring occasionally; cook over low heat 10 to 12 minutes. Gradually blend in melted chocolate. Remove from heat, allow to cool slightly, and beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until thick; add vanilla. Spread over top of cake, decorate with banana slices which have been dipped in lemon juice.

LOG CABIN CAKE

Two packets cake mix (white, yellow, chocolate, or orange), chocolate cream (see recipe below), 1 quantity green royal icing (see recipe below), 6 chocolate flake lollies, sugar cigarettes.

Prepare cake mixes, bake in 2 greased loaf-tins (filling 2-3rds full) in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes (there will be a little cake batter over; use as desired).

To Assemble Cake: Use 1 loaf cake as the base and cut the other through middle diagonally to form the roof. Secure this on top of base, using a little Chocolate Cream. Cover cake board with green Royal Icing and place cake on it. Cover cake all over with chocolate cream, score the sides with knife to resemble logs. Cover roof with chocolate flake lollies which have been split in halves with knife. Press on sugar cigarettes for door and windows. Arrange figures and trees round the cabin.

Note: Remaining cake section could be cut up into pieces to form a chimney, fences, etc.

Chocolate Cream: One teaspoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch cream of tartar, 1oz. melted chocolate.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Cream butter and sugar with salt and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add cream of tartar, dissolved gelatine, and melted chocolate; beat well 10 minutes. Use as required.

Royal Icing: One egg-white, 8oz. to 10oz. pure icing-sugar, few drops acetic acid or squeeze of lemon juice, green food coloring.

Sift icing-sugar. Place egg-white in basin, beat slightly with wooden spoon. Add icing-sugar, gradually beating well after each addition. Add few drops of acetic acid and mix well. To test for readiness, pull spoon from basin, forming the icing into a point. Blend in few drops of green food coloring.

ICE-CREAM CAKE WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

One packet sponge cake mix, sherry, ½ pint whipped cream, finely chopped nuts, caramel sauce (see below), ice-cream.

Prepare sponge cake mix, bake in slab-tin—for time directed on packet. Turn out on cake-rack; cool.

Using plain 2in. or 3in. cutter, cut cake into rounds, scoop out centres slightly; sprinkle cakes with sherry. When ready to serve, cover cakes with whipped cream, roll sides in chopped nuts and fill centres with generous scoop of ice-cream. Serve Caramel Sauce separately.

Caramel Sauce: One and a half cups sugar, 1 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon butter, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Heat sugar in heavy pan over low heat, stirring until melted and lightly golden; remove from heat. Gradually stir in 1 cup hot water, return to heat, bring to boiling point. Simmer until sauce thickens slightly. Remove from heat, add butter, salt, and vanilla; cool.

CHOC-MINT BROWNIES

One packet chocolate brownie cake mix, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon milk, peppermint essence, 2oz. chopped chocolate, ½oz. white shortening.

Make up cake mix as directed on packet, pour into foil cake-tin enclosed in packet. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler. Cream together butter and sugar until light and fluffy, gradually add boiling water, milk, and few drops peppermint essence. Spread over top of cake. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Melt chocolate with white shortening in saucepan over boiling water. Allow to cool slightly, then spread over firm cream. Return to refrigerator to set. Cut into small squares to serve.

APRICOT GOLD DESSERT CAKE

One packet of white or yellow cake mix, 1 cup cooked, sweetened dried apricots (well drained), apricot sauce, whipped cream.

Spread apricots over base of well-greased cake-tin. Prepare cake mix as directed on packet, spoon over apricots. Bake approximately 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out of tin, cut into squares; serve warm as a dessert, topped with swirl of whipped cream, spoon a little Apricot Sauce on top of the cream.

Apricot Sauce: Cook 1 cup of dried apricots in water to cover, with sugar to taste, until very soft. Push through coarse sieve. Add 1 dessertspoon rum and ¼ teaspoon cinnamon; beat until well combined.

ITALIAN RUM TORTE

(See picture page 43)

One packet sponge cake mix, approximately ½ cup rum, 1 cup jam or fruit preserve (strawberry, raspberry, apricot, etc.), 4½ cups vanilla custard (see below), ½ cup cream, sugar, vanilla.

Bake sponge cake as directed on packet, in 2 layer-tins; cool. Split each layer into 2. Place 1 layer on serving-plate, sprinkle with half the rum. Spread with 1/3rd of jam, pour over 1½ cups Vanilla Custard. Top with 2nd and 3rd cake layers, spreading each with same amount of jam and custard (no rum), then add top layer of cake. Pour remaining rum over this and cover with the cream, which has been whipped and flavored with sugar and vanilla. Refrigerate several hours.

Vanilla Custard: Four eggs, 2 tablespoons custard powder, ¼ cup sugar, 4 cups hot creamy milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla.

Beat eggs in top half of double-boiler, add custard powder, sugar; continue beating until thoroughly blended. Gradually add the hot milk, place over simmering water; cook 6 to 7 minutes, stirring constantly. When custard thickens, remove from heat, stand briefly in cold water; stir in vanilla. Cool before using.

Continued opposite

FROSTINGS AND FILLINGS

GLACE ICING

Two cups sifted icing-sugar, milk, cream, or water, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Add liquid gradually to icing-sugar until mixture is good spreading consistency. Blend in salt and vanilla.

Coffee Glace Icing: Add 1 dessertspoon coffee essence or 1 teaspoon instant coffee.

LEMON ICING

One egg-yolk, 1½ dessertspoons lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon finely grated orange rind, pinch salt, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar.

Combine all ingredients except sugar; beat until smooth. Gradually mix in sugar, beat well.

LEMON BUTTER FILLING

Grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, 2oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks (beaten).

Place all ingredients in saucepan, stir over hot water until well mixed and thickened slightly. Remove from heat, allow to become quite cold before using.

BUTTER FROSTING OR FILLING

Two ounces butter, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter until soft. Slowly beat in 1 cup sugar and the salt. Add remaining sugar alternately with cream, beating thoroughly after each addition until frosting is creamy and smooth; beat in vanilla.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE FROSTING

Three cups sugar, 3oz. dark chocolate, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch cream of tartar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2-3rds cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine all ingredients except vanilla, cook without stirring until small amount dropped into cold water forms soft ball. Cool slightly, add vanilla, beat well.



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SERVING AUSTRALIA UNIFORMLY

Spaghetti dish wins £5

● This week's £5 prizewinning recipe, Raisin Spaghetti and Ham Balls, is a good way to use up left-over cold cooked ham.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe which can be made up as one large tart or as small tarts.

All spoon measurements are level.

RAISIN SPAGHETTI AND HAM BALLS

Raisin Sauce: Two tablespoons butter, 1 small onion (chopped), 1 cup chopped green pepper, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup tomato ketchup or tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Melt butter in pan, add onion, green pepper, and celery. Cook 5 minutes. Add raisins, ketchup, vinegar, water, salt, and pepper. Cover, simmer 25 minutes.

Ham Balls: One pound minced ham, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 well-beaten egg, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, fat or oil for deep-frying, 6oz. cooked spaghetti.

Combine ham, onion, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, egg, milk, and worcestershire sauce; mix well, shape into balls. Lower into deep hot fat or oil, cook until browned. Cook spaghetti in usual way; drain, mix into raisin sauce, and arrange hot ham balls on top. Serve hot.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Casboul, 45 Digby Ave., Geelong, Vic.

BAKEWELL TART
Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, salt, 1 egg-yolk, 6 tablespoons each red jam and lemon cheese.

Filling: Four ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. cakecrumbs, 6oz. marzipan meal or ground almonds, 4 eggs, rind and juice 1 lemon.

Sift flour and salt; rub in butter, bind with egg-yolks and little cold water if necessary. Roll out thinly on floured board, fill into 9in.

or 10in. pie-case. Pinch fancy edge spread inside base of pastry with jam and lemon cheese; chill.

Cream together butter and sugar, beat in eggs, ground almonds, and crumbs. Add lemon rind and juice. Spread over top of jam. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Sprinkle with icing-sugar, serve with whipped cream. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Sticher, 40 Glassop Street, Caringbah, N.S.W.



RAISIN SPAGHETTI AND HAM BALLS: See recipe at left.

New! Luscious! Buttercake-rich!



From opposite page

COFFEE-AND-CREAM CAKE

One packet white or yellow cake-mix, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 cup sugar, whipped cream, slivered toasted almonds.

Prepare cake as directed on packet, bake in slab-tin for required time. Turn on to cake-rack, cool.

Bring water to boil in small saucepan, stir in sugar and instant coffee, simmer 5 minutes. Place cake on serving-platter, gradually pour on the hot coffee syrup until all is absorbed. Let stand at room temperature 30 minutes, then chill in refrigerator. Just before serving, frost with slightly sweetened whipped cream, sprinkle with slivered toasted almonds.

JUBILEE CAKE

One packet white cake-mix, 4 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 2-3rds cup sugar, 4 teaspoons cornflour, 1 medium-sized can black cherries, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup honey, 1 tablespoon butter.

Bake cake as directed on packet, using 9in. square cake-tin; cool. Beat egg-whites with cream of tartar until stiff; slowly add sugar and continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Swirl over top and sides of cake. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes or until golden, cool. Place cornflour in saucepan. Drain the cherries and add juice to cornflour. Then add orange rind, fruit juices, honey, and butter. Stir over moderate heat until boiling and thickened; add cherries. Cut cake into squares and serve with the warm cherry sauce.

BUTTER CRUNCH CAKE

Two-thirds cup chopped nuts, 1 cup melted butter, 1 cup sugar, 2-3rds cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 packet devil's food or chocolate cake mix, 1 cup cream (whipped and sweetened to taste).

Combine nuts, butter, sugar, and crumbs, mixing well. Divide between 2 ungreased sandwich-tins; press mixture firmly over bottom and sides of tins. Prepare cake mix in usual manner, turn into prepared tins. Bake as directed, then cool in pans approximately 15 minutes. Turn out, cool on racks, crunch side up. Just before serving place 1 layer on plate, crunch side down. Spread with half whipped cream, top with second layer, crunch side up. Decorate with remaining cream.

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NEW



GOLD SEAL Cake Mixes

And for the perfect sponge, try Puffin's One-Step Sponge Mix, too

AMONG THE SUN-LOVERS

● Flowers that revel in the heat and stare brazenly at the sun include the brilliant gold sunflowers, gerberas, hybrid arctotis, the lowly little gazania, the willowy *Dimorphotheca eklonis*, to mention just a few examples.



GAZANIAS are ideal for hot, dry positions in the garden. The plants are now available in a variety of colors. Mrs. N. Nixon's garden at Dover Heights, N.S.W., shows the gazanias used to advantage as a colorful border to a pathway.

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FOR those who want even sturdier plants for the hot, sunny bed there is the kniphofia (red-hot poker), which comes in many new colors and combinations of color. It is useful for lighting up a background of sombre foliage and the red-and-yellow spikes, 3ft. to 4ft. high, last for weeks in the house after cutting.

Another tall plant is eryngium, or sea-holly, with its blue thistle-like heads. These can be used behind perennial lupins, Russell lupins, and Achillea millefolium, all of which blend well with them in the garden or inside as cut flowers.

Statice likes a place in the sun, and there are many fine colors in the annual Statice sinuata section, including lavender, rose, yellow, white, and blue. The graceful rat's-tail, Statice suworowi, brings in rose-pink spikes, and most of the perennials in this family are worth adding to a massed bed where color is wanted, and plants have to be hardy enough to stare up at their joss, the sun.

Plant-breeders have considerably improved the gazania family in recent years, and as well as the gold, bright yellow, and tomato-red varieties there are pale mauve, several with pink and red in their make-up, and several with bronze, deep orange, brown, and some purple shades.

Some of these are hybrids of the variegated species *Gazania variegata*, which has creamy-white foliage.

Gerberas, whether single or double,

make splendid displays for months of the year. Not all gardeners can grow them to perfection, but provided their main weakness, a rusty leafspot condition, is overcome by regular fungicidal sprayings, they rarely look back.

They do best in well-fed sandy loam and need the sunniest spot you can provide.

Geums also belong to the sunworshippers, and whether you grow Lady Stratheden (golden yellow), Mrs. Bradshaw (double scarlet), or Orange Queen you'll always get plenty of long-stemmed flowers that last in the house a long time after cutting.

Pinks and the common dianthus family produce sheets of color for months if the spent blooms are regularly removed, and they, too, prefer sunbaking to shade.

Wallflowers, which bloom between late winter and early summer, like all the sunshine they can get. There are some lovely colors — mahogany, several shades of gold, and a blood-red variety.

A bushy biennial wallflower variety that lasts for two or three years if cut back after flowering is *Cheiranthus kewensis*. It produces purple flowers that turn brown and then fade out to cream as they age. They are extremely fragrant, and the big flower-spikes last for weeks on the plants.

A tall flower that appears to have been forgotten in recent years is *Venidium* (Monarch of the Veldt). This grows to about 3ft. and revels in a sunny position. The flowers are a vivid orange color with black-purple central zones. There are several hybrids, and these hardy annuals delight in a sunny spot.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Continued from page 31

DOLPHIN

Teddy left nobody in any doubt that he had arrived back from his latest binge in Panambura. All Jindi heard him singing well along the track:

There was a wild Colonial boy,
Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents
he was born in Castle-

maine.
He was his father's only
hope, his mother's only
joy.

The pride of both his
parents was the wild
Colonial boy.

It was Saturday night, brilliantly moonlit. As the sulky emerged from the trees it was starkly silhouetted against the glittering sea. So was its owner, who swayed dangerously in his seat as he sang "The Wild Colonial Boy."

"Jack! Charlie! Herb! Emma! The lot of you! Come 'n have a drink of beer!"

They strolled to the fringe of the beach from their verandahs, where they had been taking the mild night air, gathering round his sulky, greeting him with laughter and thanking him for remembering them with a case of beer.

"Here's health, Teddy boy!"

"Good luck, mate!"

"Good on yer, Teddy!"

"Good on you, Edward."

Your blood's worth bottling!"

"I came back to drink with me mates!" declared Teddy. "Which is the best little spot on earth? Look me in the eye and tell me."

"JINDI!"

"We mightn't have any money, but do we care? Come on, tell me."

"No!"

"Who wants money?" asked Teddy.

"Me!" somebody cried.

"Who said that?" demanded Teddy.

"Herb!"

"Throw him in the sea!" ordered Teddy.

"I'd like to see yer!" yelled the offender.

With a concerted whoop, the male population of Jindi fell upon the mercenary Herb and bore him kicking to the water's edge. Dora watched their struggling silhouettes from her verandah. She watched Herb as he was grabbed by wrists and ankles, swung several times, and then sent sailing out into the water, from whence he rose laughing and insisting he still liked money, and now he was going to throw Teddy into the sea.

"Lay a hand on me," warned Teddy, "and I'll whip up the horse and make off with the beer."

Herb changed his mind. "Stick around, mate," he said. "We all love yer. Don't we?"

"Good old Teddy."

"Some say good old Teddy, but what does the mob say?"

"Here," interposed Jack Cavey, before they could answer. "Mind the language. Miss King might hear you."

"How about inviting her out for a drink?" said Mrs. Preston.

"Yes, that's a good idea. How about it, Teddy?"

Dora strained to hear his reply.

"Well, I don't know. I wouldn't if I were you," said Teddy at last. "I took her a bottle of beer the other night and she gave me the quick-march."

"Blooming old nark!"

"No, she isn't," Teddy told the critic. "She just isn't used to our ways yet. Give her a go."

"I reckon old Teddy's a bit sweet on her," laughed Mrs. Preston.

"Yair!" they all agreed.

TEDDY was silent, sitting up in his sulky and gazing out over the moon-frosted sea.

"Let's have another drink," he said quietly.

Despite its pagan ways, Jindi was not entirely Godless. Several parents sent their children into Panambura on their ponies for Sunday School. They were generally gone for the whole day, taking their lunches with them and swimming off the pier at Panambura after Sunday School. The thud of ponies' hoofs, the joyful cries of the children challenging each other to race woke Dora early that Sunday morning. She put on her dressing-gown and went out on the verandah.

It was a superb morning. The air was full of magpie song, the trilling of cicadas; the sea was molten silver in the sun; a cool wind blew in from the sea, faintly spiced, as though whispering of distant shores. It was the day for a voyage, said the day, a day to seek the promise of the splendid sun.

Dora settled for an early-morning swim.

For once, the beach was deserted. Sometimes the chil-

dren went inland a little to hide in the shady lanes of the thick-growing lantana play at Tarzans on the vines, or race their ponies along the track. Arriving at the pier she saw only the back of Teddy in his bath, nothing but shorts.

She took off her robe and adjusted her bathing cap. "Good morning, M. I. Pugh."

He straightened up and smiled. "So it's Mister Pugh again, is it?"

"I'm sorry, Teddy."

"Morning, Dora," he said politely. He looked around and pointed out: "We're alone."

"So I see."

"Down for a swim?"

"That was the idea."

"Let me try and change your mind. I'm taking the boat round to Coxtown. Do you fancy a short trip?"

Dora felt instantly tempted. Her inborn reticence drove her back. "I haven't had breakfast," she protested.

"How would you fancy oysters straight from the rocks and fish straight out of the sea? That's what I can offer you over at Coxtown. Also, you might like to see the place where the earliest Australians lived — provided for by a benevolent British Government."

"Shall I come over and do penance on behalf of my ancestors?"

Teddy smiled again. "No," he told her, "but you might get off your high horse long enough to learn a little about the country in which you are now earning your living."

She was on the point of freezing up, becoming the woman he had escorted here that very first day. Instead, catching his amused gaze, she bit her lips and said:

"I suppose I asked for that."

Teddy turned back to the sail on which he was working. Over his shoulder he asked simply:

"Coming?"

"Can I go and get some clothes on?"

"Sure. I'll be a few minutes yet. And wear a large hat. Wind on a hot day will burn your face up."

She ran back to the bungalow. She put on a pair of slacks and a long-sleeved blouse to protect her arms. Nor did she forget the large hat. As an extra precaution she took out her sunshade. Five minutes later she rejoined Teddy, who now had

To page 47

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 928.—SUNTOP AND MATCHING SKIRT

Sunrock with pretty midriff top is available cut out to make in white cotton; printed with hot pink or with olive. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 43/6, 36 and 38in. bust, 45/6. Postage 4/- extra.

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DOLPHIN

the sail hoisted. He was inspecting lines in the locker at the stern when she announced:

"Here I am."

He held out a hand. "Come aboard."

With Teddy's assistance she stepped into the gently rocking boat and sat in the stern as he directed.

"Ever done any sailing?" he asked.

"Only as a passenger."

"Just duck under the boom when I tell you. There's nothing else for you to do."

He cast off and brought the boat into the wind. The sails filled lazily and the boat moved off gently on a starboard tack.

"When the wind's in the north-east," he told her, "two fingers on the tiller, 'you can't get out of this cove. Today's perfect.'"

"Wouldn't you do better with a motor in your boat?"

"You could get out in all weathers then."

"What would I use for money?"

"You could earn some," she told him acidly.

"Only by working for Baker. Either that or leaving this place."

"Why must you work for Baker?"

HE replied, "Because whoever catches fish round here sells them to Baker or nobody. He finances the boats at Panambura, he owns the freezer at Panambura, and he owns both the fish shops. I sell to Baker only when I have to."

"That, I should imagine, is when you need beer money."

"As you say," acknowledged Teddy without resentment. "When I need beer money. But I would rather sell my soul to the devil than get into Baker's debt."

"Baker seems to have his fingers in lots of pies," she observed.

"Very hungry for the odd bob, Arnold," he agreed.

"So you'll never have a boat with an engine," she concluded.

"Oh, I don't know," he mused. "Lots of funny things have happened to me in my short life."

"What! In Jindil!"

"No, not in Jindil. I was in Sydney for three years. Then I had five years away at the war."

"What did you work at in Sydney?"

"Went to the university," Teddy told her.

She felt a small shock of surprise. We English must seem snobs to them! she told herself; and was also reminded of what a Chief Inspector in the Education Department had said to her: "Sometimes it's almost impossible to tell whether the Australian you're talking to is a distinguished intellectual or a wharf laborer."

"What did you read there?" she asked him.

"Biology; marine biology."

"But that's wicked!"

"What's wicked about biology?" he asked.

"You know what I mean, Teddy Pugh," she told him, the complete schoolmarm.

"Studying marine biology and then burying yourself back here, frittering your life away. I suppose that scholarship you wasted was provided for by public money?"

"I wouldn't say it was wasted," he said, and she saw that his face had lost the smile.

"I didn't mean to be offensive," she said quickly.

"You're obviously a highly intelligent man who isn't using all the brains that God gave him. And how can you

say your scholarship wasn't wasted?"

She was startled at the bitterness of Teddy's laugh.

"I should have given you a potted autobiography the moment I saw you. Why must you blooming people classify others on their appearance and treat them according to your prejudices? What chance did you give me to tell you a word about myself?"

"You lost no time," she retorted indignantly, "telling me you were the local drunk."

He lost his anger and sighed. "That's true enough. You looked so prim and proper standing there on the side of the road I couldn't resist it."

"And you have the cheek to tell me you haven't wasted your chances."

"Not entirely." And he left it at that.

So did Dora. She decided the conversation was becoming far too personal. In a moment he would be asking her questions about her own private life.

Coxtown was on a small estuary, a place of mudflats and mangroves, and rising behind them the grassy, bare hill topped by the jagged stone ruins of the old prison. As they rounded the point they lost the wind and the boat drifted in toward a collection of stakes standing in the water close to the shore. "My oyster frames," he explained.

He tied the boat to one of the stakes, bent over, groped beneath the water between two of the stakes, and brought up a frame covered in oysters. He took a knife with a short, thick blade from the pocket of his shorts and prised twenty or thirty of the oysters loose, tossing them into the bottom of the boat and lowering the frame back between the retaining stakes. Then, about ten yards from the shore, he picked up moorings indicated by a whitewashed buoy.

"I put these moorings down myself," he told her. "There's the cylinder block of the old Panambura fire engine down there."

When he had tied up she asked him:

"How do we get ashore without getting wet?"

"Only I get wet," he told her. "You get carried."

From a tin of seawater in the forward locker he took a still-live fish, put it in a wet sack with the oysters, and waded ashore with them. Then he came back to the boat, took up a basket, and transported that ashore.

"Now it's your turn," he said, and held out his arms.

She lowered herself into them with her face averted and trying hard not to show any embarrassment. He bore her through the water without effort and deposited her lightly on the beach.

"Thank you," she said evenly.

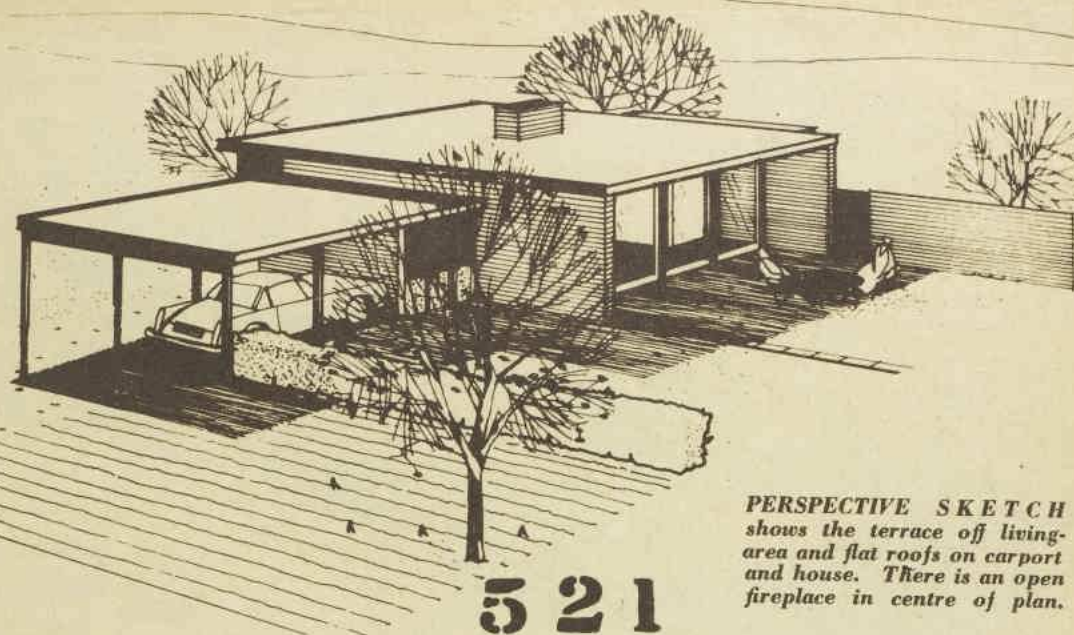
"I hardly felt you," he said.

She regarded his lean, hard body in spite of herself. He grinned at her. "If I'd expected to be bringing you round here in the boat," he said, "I'd have dressed for the occasion."

"You must think me an awful prude," she told him.

He took up the sack with the fish and oysters, and put the basket under his arm. "If I ever get to know you well," he replied, "I'll tell you what I think about you." A little gruffly, he added: "Let's have breakfast."

He led her to a cleft in the rocks floored with clean sand, with a blackened fireplace of stones at the end and a pile



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the terrace off living-area and flat roofs on carport and house. There is an open fireplace in centre of plan.

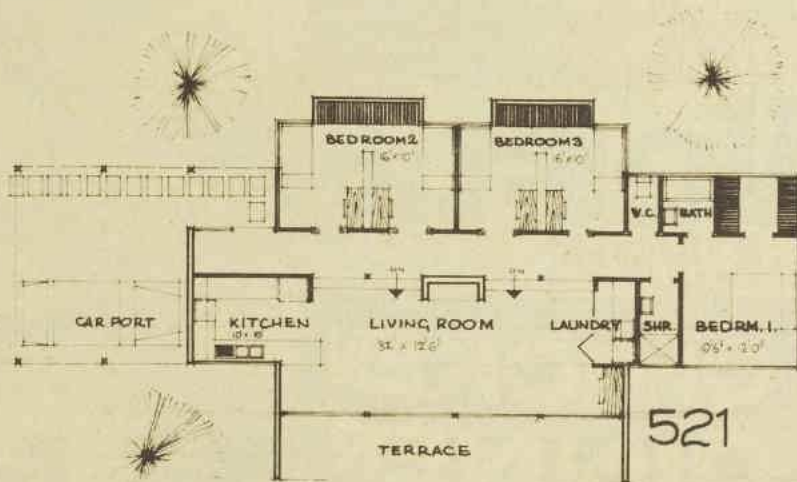
521

The Australian
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

- This week's plan, No. 521, is a five-bedroom home, particularly suited to building regulations in Victoria.



PLAN shows how two of the bedrooms are partially divided by a bookshelf, desk, and dressing-table unit. Also seen is the cupboard-laundry opening off the living-room. Note change in level in centre.

THE five bedrooms in this house are achieved by partially dividing two of the bedrooms.

Victorian building regulations make it difficult to build a five-bedroom house that is not very large, particularly where a large combined living-dining area is required instead of two smaller separate rooms.

The regulations require two rooms of 140 sq. ft. in area and two of 110 sq. ft. before a room of 80 sq. ft. can be built.

A combined living and dining area is counted as one room only.

The solution here is two large bedrooms which can be divided by a bookshelf, desk, and dressing-table unit.

An interesting change is the laundry—it is incorporated in a large cupboard. With today's push-button washing and drying machines, the laundry no longer need be a separate room hidden away at the back of the house.

The saving on building costs adequately compensates for the cost of installing the latest laundry equipment.

In this house there is a change in level of approximately 15in. to give a natural division between the bedrooms and hallway which increases the ceiling height of the large living area—a pleasant contrast.

There is a fireplace in the centre of the house which faces the living-room.

A walk-in wardrobe and separate bathroom serve the master bedroom; a separate toilet and shower-room serve the other bedrooms.

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To page 51

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meals of his
whole life



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Better nutrition

from selected farm-fresh vegetables, fruits, prime meats, chicken and cereals. Nestlé's food technologists ensure that maximum vitamins and minerals are captured.

Better protected

in hygienic glass, to retain flavour and freshness best. Serve out and warm enough for one feed each time. Leave rest of food in jar. Opened jars may be re-capped and stored safely in 'fridge for up to 2 days. When Baby eats a whole jarful at once, to feed from the jar is more convenient.

Better varieties

each developed by Nestlé's dieticians and constantly tested to keep protein, carbohydrate and fat contents balanced to suit Baby's needs. Note the 6-oz. jar for Junior Foods—a handy "meal-size" for the older Baby's growing appetite.

Better textures

smooth-textured Nestlé's Strained Foods are full of "body," perfect for the younger Baby's digestion. Junior varieties, with bigger, tender pieces, encourage older babies to chew to help develop strong teeth and help them graduate to "eating with the family."

Better flavours

mild and natural (without strong seasonings), these foods teach Baby to enjoy new tastes. Nestlé's have carefully selected Baby's favourite Fruits, Desserts, Broths, Dinners and Vegetables to make his menu tempting and colourful.

Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, discusses antiques.

Could you please tell me the age of these chairs?—Mrs. M. Everett, Geelong, Vic.
Your English chairs (right) are mid-Victorian, about 1870, and are made of walnut.

★
I have received an inquiry from America about a spoon bearing the Australian coat of arms. On the back is the hallmark L and S and an anchor.—Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Coorparoo, Brisbane.
The spoon bears English hallmarks and was made at Birmingham, hence the anchor.



● Walnut chairs

I have a china clock which stands 20in. high and has the number 294 in gold on the base. Could you give me some information about it, please?—Mrs. E. Jarman, Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

Your clock (right) is Austrian porcelain and was made about the late 19th century. The decorative panels are transfer-printed designs which have been hand colored.



● Austrian porcelain clock

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HOME HINTS

● These hints from readers win a £1/1/- prize each.

WHITE nylon garments will keep a good color if placed in a solution of 2 teaspoons of borax to 1 pint of water after washing.—Mrs. A. J. Crawford, "Alara," Congwai P.O., via Paxton, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
An easy way to make a sleeping-bag for a child is to attach a suitable remnant or used piece of material to the child's dressing-gown. Fold material in half, join side seams, and sew to the let-down hem.—Mrs. F. Storer, 7 King St., Coonabarabran, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Keep a heavy brooch in place on a dress by pinning it through a folded tissue.—Mrs. C. Hamming, c/o Box 93, Cunderdin, W.A.

★ ★ ★
Stains on tile or terrazzo floors can be removed by rubbing the area with a slice of lemon dipped in salt. Leave for an hour before washing.—Mrs. R. S. Wadley, Flat c30, Seville Rd., Holland Park, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★
Glassware that has become cloudy and will not respond to ordinary washing will sparkle like new if filled with wet potato peelings and let stand for 24 hours before washing.—Mrs. M. Sweeney, Gwelda, via Bundaberg, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Remove grease spots from wallpaper by applying a paste of fuller's earth mixed with carbon tetrachloride. Leave a thin coat of the paste on the grease spot overnight.—P. Canby, 18 Haig St., Heidelberg N 23, Vic.

OUR TRANSFER



GAY POPPIES to embroider on household linen and aprons are from Embroidery Transfer No. 208. Order from Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of the transfer is 2/-

of torn old fishing nets to sit on. He gathered an armful of driftwood and in three minutes had a fire going. She helped by gathering more driftwood for him.

From the basket he brought out newspapers to use as tablecloth, tin plates, knives and forks, bread and butter, and two bottles of beer.

"Do you drink at all?" he asked.

"Occasionally."

Looking pleased, he took two tin mugs from the basket and poured out beer. "You need to sharpen the tongue before eating oysters," he explained. "Good health."

She assisted in opening the oysters and had to admit that the beer at once made her appetite for them keener. They were deliciously fresh.

"I'm sorry there's no lemon juice or pepper," he apologised.

"They're the best oysters I've ever tasted," she assured him. "How will you cook the fish?"

"Simple. Grill it on the hot stones. The skin falls away and there's the flesh, all soft and white."

"It sounds marvellous."

"That's how the aborigines cook their fish," he told her. "The Jindi tribe hunted all along here."

"Are there none left?"

"No. The white settlers had driven them all inland by the turn of the century. You occasionally see a full-blood in Panambura, but he's not a Jindi."

"Did the Jindi leave no trace?"

"There are some carvings on the rocks nearby. I'll show you them later if you would like it. I dig the moss out of them from time to time so they aren't lost. Not that anybody comes to see them."

"Nobody comes to Jindi."

"Thank heavens. I don't want to see Jindi become like some of the places along here. Big, flash hotels, city slickers in hired boats cluttering up the harbors, the bush being hacked down for weekend

Continued from page 47

DOLPHIN

his latest expedition over the oceans in search of sea creatures.

"I've suddenly realised something," she told him. "Several times the children have amazed me by knowing far more about marine life than I ever have. They had been talking to you, of course."

"Probably. I often tell them about their discoveries down at the jetty. They bring them to me quite often and want to know all about them."

"Perhaps," she laughed, "I should take a few lessons from you myself."

"You're welcome any time," he said dryly.

She jumped up. "And now, what about these rock carvings and the old prison up there?"

Five minutes later they stood on a large flat rock looking at the carvings. They were the outlines of men and animals, cut shallowly, their edges already worn by time and the sea air. Scattered between them were formal designs.

"How old are they?" she asked.

"Nobody knows. See those signs? They have a meaning, but the meaning has been lost. This was all to do with their dreaming."

"Dreaming?"

"Yes, every phenomenon is explained by some happening long ago in the Dreamtime. How a bird got its colors, how an animal became what it is today, where the sea came from, and how the fishes were born. The stars and the trees and the

mountains — everything was born long ago in the Dreamtime."

"How beautiful," she said softly.

"And now," he said gravely, "let's have a look at the place where a lot of white men left to join their ancestors in their own Dreamtime."

Was it her imagination, stirred by Teddy's words on the ancient tribal rock, or did the wind really take on a different note inside these ruined walls? It seemed there was a despairing quality about it. In the nooks and crannies of the ruins it sounded like wailing.

He tugged at a large iron ring set in the wall. "These are what they chained them to," he told her.

She shivered.

"There's a legend these ruins are haunted," he went on. "They say that it's not the wind you can hear but the ghosts of the convicts."

She listened again for a few seconds and looked up at the thick wall, where the overseers once paced looking down on their prisoners breaking stones to put a wall around themselves and shut them away from the world more deeply than ever.

"Did any of them ever escape?" she asked.

"Quite a few, but only one or two survived. Most of them struck inland and died in the bush. There was one who went along the coast and was found half dead by the Jindi."

"What did they do to him?"

"They saved his life. He lived with them for ten years and one day he walked back into Coxtown."

"But why?"

To page 52

FROM THE BIBLE

• "And they remembered that God was their rock, and the high God their redeemer."

—Psalm 78:35.

bungalows for stockbrokers, rows of showy shops selling rubbish at impossible prices. That's what will soon happen to Panambura. Baker's already formed a syndicate."

"I'm not going to be silly enough to call that sort of thing progress, but you can't stop the process of change. Why, even Jindi—"

"Jindi's small, Jindi's hard to get at, we've only a small cove, and there's not enough room to build all the things I've just mentioned. Once again — thank heavens."

"Australians are lucky," she told him. "It's so easy to get away from people in this country."

He nodded. "And do some people need getting away from!"

It was said so bitterly, so cynically, that she stared at him. Such an observation coming from him seemed wildly out of character. She felt there was nothing she could say.

The fish was as delicious as the oysters. "Fish should taste a little of the sea to be any good," he said.

"What sort of fish is it?"

"Skipjack. Not very popular. By the time it gets to the fish shops and on to the table it's lost most of its taste. Almost any fish is tasty if you eat it fresh from the sea."

"You love the sea," she told him.

He nodded. "And what's in it," he added.

While he was watching a flight of black swans overhead, she studied him. She tried to imagine him in evening dress and decided that with that tanned skin and intense blue eyes he would look extremely distinguished. He really ought to be addressing a gathering of some learned society about the results of



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: ★★★
Week starting Jan. 15

Continued from page 51

DOLPHIN

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, tan.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, red, orange.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 24—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 24—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, orange.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Monday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, pink, orange.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, red, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

"He was pining for the sight of a white man. It turned out all right, though. Several influential people petitioned the Governor and he was pardoned and set free."

"And afterwards?"

Teddy grimaced. "He married an overbearing white woman who made his life a misery, and spent most of her time reminding him he was an ex-felon. Finally he ran away, back to the Jindi and his aboriginal wife, but the Jindi had fled from the white man. He went inland in pursuit. His skeleton was found in the bush years later."

"Aren't there any happy stories?" she asked.

"If there are, I never heard of them."

"Coxtown... Who was Cox?"

"He was a British naval officer. He was commissioned to sail along the coast and find a suitable site on which could be reared a stately prison where men might be safely shut away for the term of their natural lives."

"I've heard enough!" she told him, laughing. "I'm beginning to feel the place is haunted."

"Let's get back to the boat then. I've got more oysters to gather."

"I'll help you," she said.

Before he would let her start helping him with the oyster-gathering, he brought out a jar of cream from a locker and insisted she apply it to all her exposed skin.

"But why?" she protested, laughing. "I'm not entirely unused to sun and wind. I used to go to Italy for my holidays."

"Italy! How did you handle those hot-blooded Latins?"

"Quite firmly."

"Please put this cream on, Italy or no Italy. You see, I rather like looking at that complexion."

"You shouldn't talk such nonsense," she told him. "I'll have you know I go a very nice shade of tan."

Nevertheless, she took the jar and applied the cream, grimacing as she did so. "It stings."

"That's the coconut oil in it. I occasionally take tourists out from Panambura on a day's fishing, and if they're not sunburned I make them apply this. That is, ever since one city gent got burned and blamed me for the whole thing."

"I didn't know Panambura catered for tourists."

"Only a certain type. Businessmen who fancy themselves as big-game fishermen. They like to take a photograph back to their mates showing them standing next to a fish bigger than themselves."

"What sort of fish?"

"Mako. Tiger shark. Sailfish. They all give you a good fight for your money."

"But how do you control this boat without any engine? I've seen films—"

"Good heavens, not this boat! I have a mate down at Bermaroe who has a sea-going launch. He's made all the money he needs, so I charter it when I'm really up against it and bring it round to Panambura, where I take the odd hero out after the big stuff."

Almost scoldingly she told him:

"But if you really made the effort you could own a launch like that yourself and hire it out regularly to these people. Do they pay well?"

"Very well. But the trouble is they bore me so. After a time I can't stand them any more."

"You don't have to like them. Just take the money."

"You sound like Baker when you talk that way."

"If that's what Baker says then he's right."

"Baker," said Teddy solemnly, "is a very unhappy man."

"Why surrender life to the Bakers?" she insisted.

"The meek," said Teddy, "don't inherit the earth. At least, they haven't yet. But we have one great blessing—we sleep at night."

"I have never understood that brand of philosophy," she told him crossly.

"Thanks, at least," he said laconically, "for elevating it to a philosophy."

"You evade everything," she told him.

"We're in for a bit of a blow," he retorted. "Let's cast off and evade that."

She sat tight-lipped as Teddy got the boat under way again. Let him decide himself to death and quietly go to the dogs any way he liked! What was it to do with her?

To this, she found no answer.

The breeze, as Teddy had indicated, stiffened a little, and they ran into Jindi at an exciting rate. Skilfully, Teddy took the wind in the luff and, bringing the boat round, bumped it gently alongside the jetty.

THERE were several children playing in the water and one of them called out to Teddy that he had seen a shark.

"How do you know it was a shark?" asked Teddy.

"I saw its fin out of the water."

"What did you do?"

"I threw a stone and it swam away."

"Brave man," remarked Teddy, and helped Dora out of the boat.

"Do you really think they saw a shark?" Dora asked Teddy. She was still full of the lurid tales she had been told about sharks in Sydney.

"I've not seen a shark in Jindi for five years," Teddy told her, "and that one was sick and looking for somewhere to die."

"Children tell the truth in the main," she said. "They don't make things like that up. If it wasn't a shark, what was it?"

"A whale?" murmured Teddy.

"Oh, you fool!" snapped Dora, and stalked off along the jetty in the direction of her bungalow.

As she reached her verandah she heard sobbing. She looked around her, went to the end of the verandah and surveyed the garden, then realised that the sounds came from inside the house. She flung open the front door and was confronted by the sight of a dirt-stained figure in a pink organdie dress and black patent-leather shoes with very high heels curled up in an armchair, sobbing convulsively.

"Who is it?"

Dora strode across the room and forced the figure on to its back so she could identify the face.

It was Irene Thomas.

"It's me, Miss Kink." And she renewed her blubbing.

"Stop it, Irene, and tell me what's happened."

Irene groped for a sodden handkerchief which she had stuffed under her bangle.

"Here," said Dora, handing the girl her own handkerchief, "now just control

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DOLPHIN

yourself and tell me what the matter is and why you came here."

"I had to walk about six miles, Miss," sniffed Irene.

"By the look of you, you've walked all the way from Panambura. Now tell me why you had to walk."

"This man said he'd give me a lift home. Then he stopped the car, and because I wouldn't — wouldn't —"

"You need not tell me any more. Why did this man pick you up and offer you a lift?"

"I was with some other men, and he came along — and — and —"

"In other words, you gave him a wrong impression, you little fool."

"Aaaah!" wailed Irene. "I daren't go home, Miss."

"Nonsense!"

"I daren't! I stayed out all night last night."

"Then you'll just have to face your parents. You're seventeen, and you're earning your own living, remember."

"You come with me, please, Miss."

"If it will help. Would you like me to get Charlie, too?"

"Oh, no, not Charlie!"

"Why ever not? Charlie loves you."

"Not any more he won't."

"Listen, Irene, if you've behaved foolishly you'll just have to face up to it and beg forgiveness of Charlie and your parents. Now wipe your face. And for heaven's sake stop snivelling, girl! Worse will happen to you, believe me. Wait till you actually love a man and he ill-treats you."

"I've finished with men," moaned Irene.

"That's what I said," Dora reminded herself. "But I wonder whether I am?"

Irene's return home was without complications, as it turned out. Charlie was not at home when Dora went seeking him, and only Mamie was encountered at the Thoms' place when Dora arrived there with a tidied-up and composed Irene.

"Irene Thoms!" snapped Mamie waspishly, "where have you been?"

"She missed the bus and stayed with some friends of mine in Panambura, Mamie. Please be kind to Irene. She didn't sleep very well and she's tired."

Mamie looked sceptical, but helped Dora to get Irene undressed and into bed, where she promptly fell fast asleep.

"Tell your parents to let her sleep," Dora said to Mamie.

Dora sat on the edge of the bed and tried to take Mamie's hand. Mamie drew it away and stood staring at Dora with hostile eyes.

"Irene works hard, be nice to her," urged Dora.

"She bosses me, she's always bossing me," Mamie announced adamantly.

"Do you know," said Dora, lying valiantly, "Ginger Perkins was telling me how kind you were the other day. I'm sure he was right."

Mamie softened visibly. "Me and Ginger are on the square," she confided.

"Like Irene and Charlie," added Dora.

"She give him the shove," Mamie told her.

"Not really. They had a disagreement."

"Well . . ." Mamie fingered the bedspread and eyed Dora slyly. "I suppose since you asked me, I'll be nice to her . . . Miss . . . ?"

"Yes?" said Dora, wondering what was to come.

"Can Ginger and I sit together in future?"

Dora gave in, thankfully. "I suppose so, Mamie."

Boredom descended upon Dora. Every day in Jindi seemed the same, lived to the accompaniment of the shrill cicadas and the stunning sun. She took the bus to Panambura to the cinema and had to sit through a film she had seen in England years before.

In the main street she met Arnold Baker, who fixed her with hard eyes

and bade her a joyless "Good day, Miss King." Her response was equally joyless. She looked across the street to Art Spargo's Cafe and longed for the neat, bright teasop where she had gone every afternoon in Cambridge. Fresh scones with home-made jam, cream, crumpets, freshly made tea. Art offered tables covered in greasy oilcloth, fish and chips, stale cakes, and stewed-up tea. And unashamed, admiring stares.

"Miss King," Baker was saying, "may I buy you that drink you promised to have with me?"

At that moment she would have accepted a drink from the devil himself. In any case she was not going to accept Teddy's estimation of Arnold Baker. Teddy's way of

offering her a drink was to arrive drunk in her doorway waving a bottle of beer. Baker was at least well-mannered.

"I should like to very much, Mr. Baker. Thank you."

Baker ostentatiously offered her his arm to cross the street. He took her into the Southern Cross and seated her on the hideous velvet sofa among the dwarf palms, the begonias, and staghorns, and going over to a hatch knocked loudly. It was thrown up immediately and the large man who had dragged Teddy Pugh out for her showed his face and said disagreeably:

"Yair?"

Then, seeing Baker, he hastily added: "Good day, Mr. Baker. Something I can do for yer?"

"Yes!" snarled Baker. "You can watch your tongue for a start, and you can bring Miss King and myself

drinks on a tray," Baker turned to Dora and asked:

"What would you like, Miss King?"

"Lager and lime, please."

"You heard the lady. And I'll have a schooner of the new."

"Sure thing, Mr. Baker."

The large man turned away. "And close that hatch!"

The hatch slammed down. Baker rejoined Dora and remarked:

"I'm sure you don't want to listen to the flow of language from the bar."

Dora nodded politely.

"And how are you getting on in Jindi, Miss King?"

"I'm gradually getting used to it. It's rather remote and not very well off for transport. I think I may have to buy my own transport."

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

"Ah, now there I might be able to help you. I've got quite a few second-hand cars in my garage. I'd be willing to let you have one at cost."

"That's terribly kind of you, but I mightn't be able to afford that much."

Baker spread his hands and said generously:

"Pay what you can when you can."

"I —" she began.

At that moment there came a knock at the door.

"Come in!" called Baker.

The large man entered. He had done up his shirt collar and rolled his sleeves down. He carried their drinks on a tray. There was a white napkin over his arm. He wiped the table with this and put their drinks before them.

Ignoring him, Baker lifted his glass and drank her health.

"Happy days, Miss King."

The larger, dry and cool, made her feel slightly better. If you were at a loose end and in Panambura there didn't seem to be much to do but drink. Or go after sharks.

"And how are you settling down in Jindi?" he repeated.

"Getting used to our Australian ways yet?" Seeing her involuntary grimace, he struck her arm lightly and added in a jocular tone: "Eh?"

She saved the necessity of replying by taking a long sip at her lager.

"You didn't come in with Teddy Pugh by any chance?" he asked.

"No, I've not seen him, I came in on the early bus."

"I think he can make himself useful for once," he told her, frowning. "Someone brought a fish in this morning which nobody can identify. The man had the sense to keep it alive when he saw it was something rare, and I've put it in my aquarium."

"Your aquarium?"

"Why, didn't you know I had one? It's that canvas-enclosed place on the end of the pier. I only charge a shilling to get in and at that rate it just enables me to break even." Self-righteously he added: "But it gives the town a bit of tone and it's quite educational. You must come down and see it some time, you really must."

"I'd love to. What have you got in it?"

"There are three tanks. I've got sharks in one, octopus and odds and ends in the second, and dozens of varieties of fish in the other. It's well worth a visit. You might like to bring your pupils there one day for a nature lesson," he added. "I'd give you a special admission rate."

The dry tone in which she thanked him for his generosity was lost on him. "Have another lager," he invited.

"No, thank you very much, Mr. Baker. I really must be going. I've got to call in and see the Schools' Inspector and I don't want to reek of beer."

"No, no, that wouldn't do at all, would it?"

She rose. "If I see Teddy shall I tell him you want him to identify a mysterious fish?"

"If you would be so kind. The fish will probably be dead by the time he turns up, but you may as well mention it."

"Then I shall, and use what influence I have to make him come in quickly. After all, this might be an important find."

A gleam appeared in Baker's eyes. "Yes, it might get in the papers. It might be, as you say, an important find. Put Panambura on the map. Not to mention my little aquarium."

He's already raising his admission prices, she thought.

Edie Gorman's faithful admirer, Inspector of State Schools for the Shire of Panambura, was a man in

Continued from page 53

his late fifties, ruddy-faced, still tough-looking for all his years, with a small grey moustache and amused eyes of the same color. His name was Arthur Scott. Within a few minutes of meeting Dora he had boasted of being a remote descendant of Sir Walter Scott. His own literary labors took the form of short articles in the local paper.

He seemed to be permanently indulging himself with a secret laugh.

"Well," he chuckled, "how do you like filling Edie's shoes, eh?"

DORA told him severely. "Quite frankly, I'm not attempting to. She held rather a special place in their hearts, I'm, well, I'm afraid I'm not such a warm personality as she appears to be. After all, I'm supposed to be teaching their children — without seeking to, I'm constantly being asked to do things quite outside the range of my duties."

"You resent this?" he asked.

"Not really," she admitted. "If they come to me, I do what I can."

"But you don't go rushing in. Well, that's the way, I think. You don't want them to think you're interfering."

"They're like children really," she told him. "No guile."

She found him watching her with friendly eyes. "Oh, so you've noticed that? Edie always referred to Jindi in its entirety as 'her children.'"

"Where is she now?" asked Dora.

Scott pointed vaguely westward. "She's taken herself up

DOLPHIN

into the hills while she writes a novel."

"A novel! How exciting."

"Edie was always doing something exciting and raising hell with somebody. She's that kind of a girl."

"Rather disturbing at times, I should imagine!"

"There are certain people in this town," he said cryptically, "who need disturbing."

"I've just had a drink with someone who appears to consider himself its leading citizen."

"That'd be our Arnold. Baker the Taker."

"Quite right."

"He's one of the characters Edie liked to disturb. She used to squeeze money out of Arnold for her various causes."

"Then Baker is sometimes a giver."

"A very reluctant one, I assure you. He only forked up occasionally because if he refused to contribute Edie would spread the news of his refusal round the town, and ruin Arnold's reputation of a public-spirited citizen. You see, Arnold has political ambitions. If ever you hear a concerted howling you'll know Arnold is kissing babies."

"Don't even the babies like him?" she laughed.

"He scares the daylight out of them. Here, I'm not very hospitable, am I? What'll you have? Beer, coffee, or tea?"

She refused all three, telling him she had to catch the bus back to the Jindi turn-off.

"Well, look after yourself," he told her. "If you get bored out there you want to call in on old Teddy Pugh. He's a very interesting bloke when you get to know him. He and Edie were great friends. She found him invaluable at times."

"Do you consider him to be a good example for the children?" she asked him rather sharply.

"If they grow up as straight and as kind as Teddy," he told her gravely, "they'll be doing all right."

"A little more abstemious, we hope."

"When they grow up," he replied, "that will be their own business, won't it?"

She felt as though she had been gently but firmly reproved.

Sports afternoon. She took the children to the beach, appointed monitors to look after the younger ones, and relaxed thankfully underneath the pandanus to correct exercise books.

"Shark! Shark!" Suddenly all the children of Jindi were out of the water, running up the beach to her.

Dora rose and looked seaward. A dozen small arms wrapped themselves round her legs. "Shark! Shark!"

"All out of the water!" she cried.

She didn't believe in the "shark" for a minute; then she took another look seaward, and saw the fin.

By this time everybody was out of the water. There was a dark grey crescent of a fin speeding through the water about fifty yards out from the shore. It was a shark, all right. Oh, thank God! she thought. Thank God they got out in time!

"Where's Teddy?" one of her pupils pleaded.

SHE realised that the child had echoed her own unspoken thought.

"Get Teddy!" someone else yelled.

Dora sped up the beach and on to the verandah of Teddy's shack.

"Mister Pugh! Mister Pugh!"

There was no answer. She opened the door and called again. Still no reply. Perhaps he wouldn't respond because she hadn't called him "Teddy," as he had asked.

"Teddy! Teddy!"

Suddenly Ginger Perkins sped up the steps and on to the verandah. "He's just bringing his boat in, Miss. Didn't you see it was gone off the jetty?"

"Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?" snapped Dora.

"Fair go!" protested Ginger. "I was yabbing in the creek up there when I heard all the yelling."

Fleetingly wondering what on earth "yabbing" entailed, Dora patted his shoulder and said, "I'm sorry, Ginger. I got a bit rattled, Mister Pugh will no doubt deal with the shark."

"He'll drill it with his rifle," Ginger assured her.

Teddy was now plainly visible in the stern of his boat, which was a mere fifty yards off the jetty.

"You watch," Ginger assured her. "Soon's Teddy spots it, out'll come the rifle and he'll give that shark a skinkful of lead."

Teddy had seen the fin, but made no motion other than to steer the boat toward it. The fin and the hull of Teddy's boat seemed to merge. The shark was actually rubbing itself against the boat. Teddy leaned over the side and regarded it with interest. To Dora's horror, he even put out a hand and touched the fin.

There was no upheaval in the water, no surge of snapping white teeth. No blood on the water. Teddy's hand was intact. The fin circled the boat, touching against the side as it moved. Then it went under and came up again twenty yards away, making

out to sea. In a minute was lost to sight against the shining, restless water.

"Why on earth didn't you kill the brute?" Dora asked herself aloud.

"Perhaps it was a whale, gong," Ginger told her.

"And what is a whale, whatever you said?"

"A shark that don't kill Miss."

"Ginger, you're romantic again!"

"I ain't, Miss! You are, Teddy!"

Teddy lowered his sail and drifted in to the jetty. A line landed at Ginger's feet. "Hello, Ginge! Make me fish will you, boy?"

Ginger complied, and Teddy climbed on to the jetty. There was a sly gleam in his eye as he greeted Dora. "Why, good afternoon, Miss King."

He waved to the children on the beach who were now playing "chasing," a shark forgotten.

"Are you in the habit of making pets of sharks?" Dora asked him distantly.

"Dangerous habit, that would be," replied Teddy amiably.

"Why, may I ask, didn't you kill that brute, if only for the children's sake? I can't allow them to swim with a shark in the vicinity."

"Certainly not!" agreed Teddy.

"Then why?" persisted Dora, her anger rising.

"Why what, Miss King?"

"Are you deliberately trying to make me lose my temper? Why didn't you shoot that shark?"

"Well," drawled Teddy, "the main reason is that it isn't a shark."

"Ain't a shark?" shrieked several children.

"No," smiled Teddy. "It's a dolphin."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" Dora demanded.

Teddy's eyes took on a harder gleam, but his voice was gentle enough as he replied:

"Perhaps, Miss King, it's because I don't like being bully-ragged. Perhaps because, as Warden of Game and Fish for the Shire of Panambura, I don't like being told how to do my job."

He called to the children as if Dora were forgotten. "Keep your eyes open. That dolphin might come back. If it does don't splash or rush around it. Call me."

And he strolled off down the jetty toward his house.

Fifteen minutes later Dora mounted Teddy's verandah hesitatingly. The door stood open to reveal a cool, shady interior. Wild ferns hummed in the vines that burdened the house. She knocked against the door jamb and called his name.

"Teddy, are you there?"

"Come through!" called a voice from the back region.

She made her way through the front room, down a narrow passage, and into a small, neat kitchen. "Here!" he called again.

The other side of the kitchen she found a room full of green light.

Entire wall was flywire. Teddy sat at a table and papering a shell.

The room enchanted her. It was almost like being under the water, with the profusion of things from the sea and the green light. So horses, sponges, pieces of coral, stuffed fish, dried seaweed, a water snake, from the ceiling.

One wall was given over in its entirety to an amazing collection of shells: shells big enough to hold a small dog, shells as small and as beautiful as precious gems. One wall was covered in charming reproductions of

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marine life. On a bench under the ly-wire there was a microscope and an assortment of specimen jars.

In that strange, subaqueous light his eyes were more startling than ever. "Come in," he said, and pushed out a stool with his foot.

"I've come to apologise," she announced.

"What for?" he asked.

"Must you be tiresome about it?" she told him. "I had no right just now to question your competence, even if I was convinced I had seen a shark. I'm afraid I was a bit rattled, and you behaved so casually — well, I'm sorry."

"That's all."

He looked up at her and asked a little sadly:

"Is that all you called in for? Just to say you were sorry for a trivial thing like that?"

She looked away, sat down to give herself more time to answer, then took the plunge:

"I've underestimated you badly. But you never made any attempt to put me right or assert yourself. I'm just incapable of understanding your ways. After all, you don't expect the man who scrubbed out the schoolroom to turn up a little later as the Warden of Game and Fish."

"Perhaps I ought to wear a uniform," remarked Teddy wryly. "But the post pays little and is even less important. As for the school, I used to clean it out for Edie. Why not you?"

"You should let someone else do it. Scrubbing out a schoolroom is not a task for a man of your capabilities. Besides, your game and fish job. Shouldn't that keep you busy?"

"Well, it could keep me a lot busier, but I wouldn't be any further ahead. Panambura Shire doesn't attract many tourists, so the game is left alone. As for the fisheries, well, there's only the small fleet of boats at Panambura, and since they're run by friends of mine they usually obey the few regulations the department enforces."

"My main job is here, in this room, with these specimens. Find out why the fish are deserting the continental shelf."

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DOLPHIN

her ears. It had taken her a long time to become used to the suddenness with which darkness fell. If this were summer in England she would be still out in her garden, working among her shrubs and flowers and it would still be broad daylight. Oh, those long, lovely evenings!

That awful feeling of aloneness came over her again, more dismal than ever. She pondered whether it would help at all if she gave way temporarily to a few tears. But a woman who has had to grow up with three rough brothers learns to keep back her tears. Just at the moment she would have given the earth for the protection of one of those brothers.

She thought of paying a call on some of the Jindi-ites. She could ask after Irene, she might have a quiet word with the Perkins about Ginger's shocking language. But why get involved with the affairs of the Jindi-ites any more than she was?

It might only provoke another Scotty Old King slogan on her verandah rail. All the parents in Jindi probably knew by now how their schoolteacher had got into a panic over a shark which had turned out to be not a shark and had been laughed at by Teddy Pugh.

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HE asked suddenly, "Did you know that eighty per cent. of the world's fish are in the Northern Hemisphere?"

"No, I had no idea."

"What we have need looking after. At certain times of the year fishing in special areas is illegal. Baker's my main trouble there. He doesn't give a damn about the fishing grounds. All he thinks about is his profit. He encourages the men who owe him money to fish illegally."

"But how can you possibly enforce regulations in a boat that hasn't even got an engine? All the Panambura boats are powered. I've seen them at Panambura."

"That's easy," said Teddy. "I've forgotten more about the habits of fish than they ever knew. I'm at the fishing grounds well in advance whenever there's any skulduggery likely to occur. Oh, well," he sighed, "one day the launch the Department promised me may arrive, all nice and shining and new, at the Panambura pier. Perhaps I'll have to wear a uniform then."

He looked down at his shorts and added, "Seeing, apologising appears to be in the air, perhaps I ought to apologise for the continual state of undress in which you find me."

"Don't bother. I've got used to it now."

Teddy grimaced. "I wish you'd smiled when you said that."

Reassured that the visitor from the sea could do them no harm, the children were back in the water. Some of them watched for the return of the fin from the jetty, but it did not appear that day. Sunset came and she stayed till it was nearly dark, and saw the last of her pupils safely out of the water and on the way home.

She walked back to the bungalow in a mild velvet dusk. The cicadas had started their singing. There was the whirring of insects about

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Well, she told herself with a resigned sort of a sigh, it was more important to be respected than liked.

She went back out on to the verandah, too dispirited to eat. The moon had risen and laid a silver path straight down the cove. The night was full of the scents of gum and wildflowers. As she watched, a dark shape glided across the glittering ribbon thrown by the moon: Teddy Pugh paddling his dinghy over the cove on some nocturnal errand.

What? Suddenly she found herself wishing that she was going with him, whatever it was. Anything rather than this fruitless brooding all by herself on a dark verandah.

From one of the lighted squares among the trees nearby came the sound of laughter. And she felt more alone than ever.

In class the following morning, restlessness flowed through the schoolroom like a palpable tide. Who could blame them really? Sun dappled the walls and made flowing patterns on the ceiling. Even the remotest objects in the schoolroom caught some point of light. And outside the sea called with a voice that was all its own. It seemed to insinuate itself among the voices of the children as they murmured over their lessons.

WHEN she had got the small ones occupied and the older ones bent over their exercise books copying the tasks she had chalked out on the blackboard, she went to her desk and caught up with a few routine tasks. She worked steadily for a quarter of an hour.

Then, abruptly, she was aware of something that ran through the classroom like a current of electricity. Looking up, she found Ginger Perkins with his bare feet up on a desk peering out of the window. All heads were turned in his direction. Some of the others had half risen from their desks.

"Ginger! What are you doing?"

"Miss, it's back again! The dolphin!"

Excitement burst among them. The desks were abandoned. The windows were crammed with children, struggling to see the fin which Ginger had spotted.

"Yes, there it is!"

"Where?"

"Over near Teddy's jetty, silly."

"Oo, so it is! Do you reckon it'll stay this time?"

"How long before play-time?" someone asked yearningly.

A score of beseeching eyes turned to Dora. She gave up:

"Playtime is now," she told them. "Off you go."

With whoops and yells they stampeded through the door, their feet drumming on the schoolroom floor. Only Lydia, standing in the doorway with hand held out, remembered the teacher.

"Aren't you coming, Miss?"

"Yes, I'll come, Lydia. Tell the monitors to keep an eye on the little ones."

"Yes, Miss. Don't be long."

Lydia sped off. Dora was alone in the sun-washed schoolroom. Through the windows there came the clamor of the children making for the beach to see the returning dolphin. It looked like the end of lessons for the day.

She was beginning to see why Edie Gorman sometimes drank more than was good for her.

In a minute or two, however, the noise from the beach ceased. There was, in

Continued from page 55

fact, utter silence. What on earth had happened now? Dora abandoned the schoolroom and ran down to the beach.

The entire school stood on the sand, watching the dolphin's fin, slowly circling about twenty yards out from the beach. In their midst squatted Teddy Pugh, talking quietly:

"They're very sensitive to noise, so until they get used to noises you need to be very quiet, so as not to frighten them. Now in a minute I'll wade out very gradually, and let it investigate my legs. After that, we'll have to see."

"Good morning, Mister Pugh," said Dora.

"Ssssh!" came a sibilant chorus from the children.

Dora flushed and was silent.

"Good morning," said Teddy. "There's no need for dead silence, kids. Just don't kick up your usual racket, that's all."

"Are you sure," asked Dora in subdued tones, "that there's no danger at all?"

Teddy shook his head. "The dolphin is more liable to injury than any of us," he told her.

"How's that?"

"It's always a risk for them in shallow water or round tidal rocks. They can get stranded."

Dora looked again at the fin meandering along level with the beach. "Why all the fuss?" she asked. "All they can see is a fin."

"Oh, I told them a bit about dolphins last night. They've suddenly got interested."

"And when did this out-of-school lesson take place?"

"Oh, a few of them trooped up to my place after their tea to nose around and bring me specimens they'd collected. They often do."

"Then I ought to blame you," she smiled, "for this morning's indiscipline."

Teddy smiled back. "You can if you like. The only time I ever let myself talk at length is when somebody asks me a question about marine life. Then the problem is to stop me."

"Do you think this creature will remain here? I see a hard time ahead for me if it does."

"It may, you know. They love human company. Remember the old Greek legends about the dolphins befriending men?"

"Vaguely."

"Look, Teddy," someone whispered. "It's coming closer."

The fin had suddenly darted in another ten yards. It was clear now in the golden water, associated with a long, dark shape that hovered just beneath the surface. Teddy stepped carefully into the water, taking a step in the direction of the dolphin. Then he halted. The dolphin turned to face Teddy's legs.

"Ah," murmured Teddy. "As I expected: Tursiops truncatus."

Dora watched the children, fascinated. The elder ones, especially the boys, were avid and unafraid; the smaller boys put on a bold front; but the little girls stood with vaguely fearful eyes, tiny knuckles held against their teeth.

Teddy advanced to within four feet of the dolphin and stood quite still. The dolphin came a foot nearer. There was utter silence. The water was so shallow now that a curve of back also showed above the water. Swiftly it turned on its side. They could see the smooth, pale body, round, intelligent

DOLPHIN

eye, and a wide comedian's mouth.

"Oh, look," whispered a voice which was breathless with wonder, "it's laughing at us."

A long, low gasp went up from the watchers: the dolphin had touched Teddy now. Still Teddy stood unmoving. The nose bumped against him gently.

"Does it hurt, Teddy?" came a whisper.

Teddy shook his head. The dolphin swam round Teddy's legs, rubbing its side on his shins. Very slowly he raised his foot and rubbed the dolphin's side with his toes. Instantly the dolphin darted off. A great cry of dismay went up. Then it died, for the dolphin stopped after swimming ten or fifteen yards, and turned. Once again it began to swim up and down level with the beach. Teddy waded back to shore to reassure them.

"Was it frightened, Teddy?"

"Not in the least. It's in strange waters, that's all. I think we'll leave it alone for the rest of the day. Just let it cruise around. If you all wade in and play quietly, it will probably stay and get used to the sounds. Miss King, is that all right with you?"

"Can you look after things while I go and change?" Dora asked him.

Teddy told her he would be there all the afternoon working in his boat. Dora sped back to the bungalow to put on her bathing costume. She felt a little guilty, a little slighted. After all, if she cared to press the point, the children could be made to return to the schoolroom.

SHE shuddered to contemplate the results which might follow such a rigid enforcement of discipline. Her bungalow would most probably be literally plastered with SCOTTY OLD KING notices!

When she got back to the beach the entire school stood up to their waists in the water gazing at the distant dolphin. Clearly, none feared it any longer. Ginger and several other boys of his size swam out closer to it, treading water only a few yards off, to the applause of all the rest.

"Please, Miss King!" shrialed a deputation of the small ones. "Tell us all about dolphins!"

"We'll have a lesson soon," Dora temporised. Better not to admit that she knew next to nothing of the creatures.

"Mister Pugh will tell you," she added on an inspiration.

"Teddy's busy, Miss. And, anyway, you're our teacher."

"We shall have a lesson on dolphins later," said Dora firmly.

Later, some of the children brought their parents back from lunch to see the loitering fin. Ginger Perkins was particularly insistent as he led his father on to the beach. Perkins senior had declared his son an outright liar.

"There!" cried Ginger. "Now do you believe me?"

Mrs. Cavey marched down with set lips, convinced a man-eating shark was waiting to devour her treasures. All went home reassured by Teddy and Dora.

"I really don't think," remarked Dora, "that they ought to leave their children here the way they do. They could come down to the beach themselves."

"They do occasionally. Anyhow, they know I'm here."

They generally come just on sunset to cool before tea."

"I think there ought to be some proper system for guarding the children at such times," Dora told severely.

"Why don't you take it with them?" asked Teddy.

She looked at him with but his expression was one of extreme innocence.

"If you want to go on some work," Teddy went on, "I'll be here to keep an eye on them."

"Thank you, I think I'll take advantage of that."

She was half-way along the jetty when he called: "Dora!"

She stopped and turned. "Yes?"

"I think these people are very lucky when they've got someone who's so concerned about their kids."

Once again, his eyes were guileless.

Dora told herself she would be glad when the dolphin went back to the open sea.

But the dolphin stayed. Before school, the children had gone down to the beach and it had actually rubbed itself against Ginger Perkins just as it had against Teddy.

Already the children spoke of it with affection. They had taken creatures from the bush, made pets and companions of them—but there was something from the sea. And it had adopted them.

There was something marvellous about this. Never before had affection come from the sea. They couldn't seek them out.

"It's not a fish," said Teddy.

That was when the trouble began. "If it's not a fish, what is it?"

Teddy refused. "Miss King will tell you," he said.

But Miss King couldn't tell them. On the beach, she overheard Teddy saying that words, and when she got home alone, accused him of deliberately setting out to embarrass her.

"You can look at it two ways, can't you?" he rejoined. "I didn't want to set myself up as the sole authority on dolphins, seeing you are the giver of knowledge in this school. On the other hand, I thought I might tell them a little to give you time. If you know what I mean."

"Time for what?"

"To learn a little more about the cetaceans, particularly about 'Tursiops truncatus.' That's what the dolphin is, incidentally. The bottle-nosed dolphin."

"I give in," she said, sighing deeply. "Tell me, what would Edie Gorman have done?"

"Come along and borrow a couple of books from me," he told her twinklingly. "I'll give you a bit of a yarn. I used to hear her out regularly with a nature study."

"I can just imagine!" "I sometimes wonder," remarked Teddy reflectively, "if you imagine quite enough."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Think it over," recommended Teddy. "It takes imagination to understand people sometimes. Children particularly."

"Are you also implying," inquired a light-minded Dora, "that you would like to be understood, too?"

"Heaven forbid! I'm an Oscar Wilde, I live in terror of not being misunderstood."

"After which words he added: 'Don't degrade me into the position of giving useful information.'"

Teddy laughed outright. "You win! But," he added, "don't you reckon I ought to

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 22, 1939

DOLPHIN

ve you a little useful information? The kids are mad about this dolphin. If you are their interest you could in them over, once and for all."

"I don't suppose," said Dora cuttingly, "it would be any use trying to explain to you that my main concern in this is to run the school properly — not to strive for the Gorman's pinnacle of popularity?"

"None at all," Teddy assured her. "I've high hopes of you achieving both."

"That," said Dora, "is insolent."

"Yair," sighed Teddy, "I suppose it is. Well, I've got some books you can borrow if you like. About dolphins, I mean."

"When it first came here it never swim off a bit to breathe through its blowhole. But now it just comes up and breathes right next to you."

"Quiet, class!" called Dora. The schoolroom became silent, gradually, reluctantly. Dora tried to talk in a firm tone, while maintaining an attitude of utter fairness. "I know this creature you are playing with down on the beach is taking up a lot of your time, but we can't allow it to distract us from our schooling indefinitely."

"Most of all, I want to make it clear that I insist on everyone being here ready to go into school no later than five minutes to nine in the morning. This is the last morning I intend to go down to the beach and call you into school. In future, any child not in his place by nine sharp will be given a late mark and kept in after three."

By their very silence they seemed unimpressed. Slowly, apologetically, Lydia raised her hand to speak. This was not done without some severe nudging from her neighbors.

"What is it, Lydia? And why are you being pushed into it?"

"Please, Miss, it's nature study and we thought we could have dolphins. They reckon you promised."

"They" were only too right.

"Now everyone pay attention," she told them. "I've already prepared nature study for this week, which is wildflowers of the Australian bush. You were also supposed to be bringing me bunches for us to draw and study. How many of you remembered to?"

Not a hand went up—not even Lydia's.

So whether she liked it or not, she had to accept Teddy's offer of the books. He had them waiting on his table for her when she called.

"This one has a chapter on cetaceans, which will give you enough of the scientific side. Here, in these two books, I've marked pages giving accounts of several ancient dolphin myths. Then in this one you will find true accounts of friendships between dolphin and man — particularly the famous case of Pelorus Jack in New Zealand."

"I seem to have heard about that one."

"You would have, I think. Pelorus Jack used to escort the ships in and out of Cook Strait. He was a Grampus griseus."

"You know," she told him, "I can't go disrupting my syllabus to give them a prolonged course on the nature and history of the dolphins, however fascinating."

"Fascinating is the word,"

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he replied equably. And he handed her the books.

She took them back to her bungalow to read. Half an hour later she raised her head, looked at her wrist watch, told herself she was wasting time in which she should be correcting exercise books — then went on reading.

Two thousand years ago at the Roman town of Hippo, now called Bizerta, in Tunis, a boy, so ran the legend, had been befriended by a dolphin and had ridden on its back. And the boy of Baiae, weary of walking the shore of the Lucrine Lake to his school, had one day encountered a dolphin, began a friendship, and ended by crossing the lake to school each day on the back of his friend.

In modern times, so it proceeded, a woman drowning in the waves had felt herself suddenly borne through the foam toward the shore until her feet had found the bottom. The dolphin had seen her walk safely ashore and then swum back out to sea.

No! Enough! She shut the book determinedly. She looked at the pile of exercise books, opened one on top of the other, then she looked out of the window and saw the sea.

A strange realization came to her, almost like a blow. There was some affinity with the sea in her, and not only because she was a first-class swimmer. Man, many million years ago, had been a creature of the sea, his fingers adapted to prize his food from the rocks, his body smoothed and rounded for swift passage through the water, but unable to adapt himself to live therein permanently, as had the fish.

But the dolphins and the whales and the porpoises were mammals like men, courted and mated and bore their young . . . far back in those lost eons the dolphins had come out of the sea, lived for untold ages on the land, and then—embittered and disappointed, perhaps, at life on the earth, had gone back to the sea . . . But was there in dolphin race memory the urge to seek the company of men? Did that grin possibly mean the dolphin was glad to be making a human acquaintance?

Were the dolphin and the children of Jindi caught up in that ineffably ancient affinity?

HALF deriding herself, she went to the bathroom, changed into her bathing costume, and left the house.

The fin cruised among the leaping figures in the water near the shore, rising every few minutes to take in air and give a glimpse of that wide grin and eye as bright as a robin's. It was allowing the children to touch it now, rubbing against their legs, moving among them as though it were the master of some pagan ceremony. It stopped altogether several times and stayed as if leaning on a child.

The boys puffed out their chests and strutted when it made contact, the girls, especially the small ones, squealed in mingled trepidation and delight.

"It won't go yer!" yelled Ginger Perkins. "Don't be dingoes!"

And reassured, the little ones submitted to the passage of the dolphin against their legs.

Then it turned without warning, swam out of reach of even the boldest, sounding, rising to reveal the curved

blade of fin, then it leaped high out of the water, comedian's nose out-thrust, mouth stretched wide in glee, eyes gleaming; and as it leaped the children cried in acclamation and delight.

Tired of its sport, perhaps still a little wary of all the strange legs, it went out to sea, and soon its fin was lost in the flowing pattern of the waves.

"Ooooooh!"

"It will come back," Dora told them. "It has to rest and eat just like we have to. Ask Mister Pugh. He'll tell you the same."

"Yes, we know," said Lydia glumly, "but we want it to stay all the time."

"Perhaps," Dora told her consolingly, "it will stay longer when it gets to know you better."

Dora found her legs besieged by the smaller members of her school.

"Please, Miss, tell us some more about dolphins."

And she sat down on the sand and at their urging began a tale of long ago about a small boy who went to school each day on the back of a dolphin.

Looking up, she found that Teddy had joined her audience. Embarrassed, she gave a brief, half-willing smile.

Teddy winked.

Emma Cavey was the only parent who would not be reconciled to the dolphin, being still convinced it was a species of low, cunning fish, some kind of shark, gulling the children, not to mention Dora and Teddy, and only awaiting an opportune moment to help itself to some delectable little limb.

Jack Cavey chuckingly discounted all this. "Don't take no notice of her. If she won the blooming lottery she'd moan if her ticket wasn't her favorite color."

Mamie Thoms blamed the dolphin for a rip in her bathing costume, but Ginger scornfully informed her that he had seen her doing the damage crawling out of the lantern.

And soon after came Ginger's great moment. One afternoon, in front of Dora and Teddy, he spread his legs apart and called on them to witness a trick he had shown the dolphin. Sure enough the dolphin swam in between his legs and remained there. But this particular afternoon Mamie, ever provocative, called out: "Why don't you ride him, Ginge?"

Ginger put out his chin, ruffled his flaming hair, stuck out his boyish chest, and lowered himself carefully on to the dolphin's back. From his companions there came a combined, awestruck "Oooo . . ."

He remained astride the dolphin, grinning at them triumphantly. "Be on me!" he exulted.

Just then a look of consternation replaced the one of exultation. For the dolphin began to move.

"Stick on him, Ginge!" taunted Mamie.

And Ginger did. He rode off on the back of the dolphin.

The dolphin took him ten yards or so, turned, brought him back to the original spot, so that his legs touched sand once again, then eased itself out from between Ginger's legs.

Dora found her shoulders encircled by Teddy's arm. The grip was uncomfortable for her, because Teddy at the same time was leaping about; added to which he was shouting in her ear.

Acutely conscious of the watching children, she wriggled and said: "Really!"

But Teddy was oblivious to her protests. "Attaboy, Ginge!"

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and Narda are water-skiing when a boat carrying two men from a foreign embassy draws alongside. To force Mandrake to talk to them, the men seize Narda. READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- One of the Roman galleys and every river (6-6).
- Street arab coming from a spree on the mire (7).
- Ancient Scandinavian (5).
- Red rap (anagr., 6).
- He can be an Asian or a Red one (6).
- The monkey-bread tree (6).
- A very great river or a fighting woman (6).
- A smooth tea is an incident (5).
- He comes to us with tax to use up the whole strength (7).
- He is indeed a shocking fighter (5-7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Tamed mice to sad Ted (12).
- You don't know when such a letter was written (7).
- A kingly play (4).
- Origin of our daily bread (6).
- The great white waterlily (8).
- To make it is human (5).
- By which the latest issue gets about (12).
- Tobacco which can take a disturbed rest (8).
- Beat soundly with a wager and a protuberance (7).
- The rat family (6).
- Watchful (5).
- Begone! to Soho? (4).

Solution will be published next week.



Continued from page 57

You've made history! You've made a legend come true. You're famous!" Dora opened her mouth to speak again, but Teddy, with his eyes alight, was now looking at her. "Doesn't it give you a queer feeling?" he demanded. "Two thousand years after the legend of a boy from Jindi makes it come true." He raised his voice and bellowed:

"Three cheers for Ginger Perkins, the boy who rode the dolphin!"

"Hip, hip hurrah!" "And do you know, Mum," Lydia told her mother that night, "Miss King, she cheered along with the rest of us. And Teddy had his arm round her and she never batted an eyelid."

At about the same time Teddy,

DOLPHIN

sharing a beer with Dora on his verandah, was saying:

"That boy may become Prime Minister of Australia, he may wind up a Knight of the Garter, he may make a century before lunch for his country at Lord's — but never never I say, will he have a prouder moment!"

"Calm down, Teddy!" she laughed.

"To how many," he demanded. "Is it given to make a legend of antiquity come true?"

She made a mocking sound. But the truth was, she was happier than she had been for a long time. For, if she had cared to admit the truth to him, she was as exultant as he. She was glad for Teddy, glad for

Ginger, glad for Jindi, glad for herself in being so much happier. The feel of the sea and of Jindi was her now, and there was a comfortable sense of oneness with Jindi and people.

She looked out from the verandah across the purple sea, sparkling by moonlight, to the luminous horizon — and knew that somewhere between the land and that horizon the dolphin cruised and tomorrow would be back to rejoin the children as the mistress of their summer play. For Teddy had declared that it was in all probability a female.

"You know," she told Teddy suddenly. "I'm beginning to have an inkling of the origin of miracles."

"You mean," he said, "nothing is a miracle, not even the most incredible thing, without the sense of wonder? The children gave us that this afternoon."

"You helped," she said. "I had a sudden vision of a boy riding a dolphin down the centuries."

The news reached Panambura. Several of the Jindi children went into town and boasted that at Jindi they had a pet dolphin which let them stroke it, gave them rides on its back, and even played with a rubber ball when they tossed it.

They were promptly called down by the Panambura children, and several extremely impressive fights ensued, to one of which a policeman was called. He, meeting Jack Cavey in the main street and recognising him as the father of one of the combatants, mentioned the fact of these outbreaks of hostilities, adding that he blamed the Jindi children for being such shocking liars.

HE abruptly lost himself on the verge of a fight of his own. "Listen here, cops. Don't you call none of my kids a liar. There is a pet dolphin in Jindi. She does play with the kids. She does do tricks for them. Got that?"

The policeman, who had once seen Jack Cavey fight for a year at the local fair ground, admitted, meekly enough, that he had indeed "got" it.

Having seen the light of truth, the constable spread it in the town of Panambura. Thus it was inevitable that Mr. Scott, Inspector of Schools for the Shire of Panambura, should come to hear of the dolphin of Jindi.

Taking very seriously his role of contributor to the "Panambura Shire Gazette" (half a guinea for three hundred words) he envisaged a tidy sort of news item about a tame dolphin. He had once seen a film about tame dolphins which leaped tremendous heights out of the water in an American aquarium. He would try for some photographs, too.

Anyway, he assured himself, it was about time he visited Jindi in his capacity of Inspector of Schools to see how Dora King was making out with the Jindi-ites.

He arrived in Jindi the following day in his drunken-looking Ford and went straight to Teddy's bungalow.

"Hello, Scotty. Dora never mentioned you were coming."

"I didn't mention I was coming to her."

"A sneak visit. You old drooper!" "It's not really official," Scott tried to explain.

"Let me tell you," went on Teddy, hotly, unheeding, "that the girl's going like a bomb out here. She'll be the equal of Edie before we're much older. Now you give her a fair go, you old—"

"Soooo!" crowed the Inspector. "It's like that, is it?"

"Like what?"

"Like you-know-what," said Scott winking.

"Miss King," pronounced Teddy pompously—

"Miss King can go and change herself," the Inspector told her cheerfully. "Where's the tame dolphin?"

The indignation left Teddy's eyes. They became instead apologetic with low cunning. "If I tell you," he asked, "will you promise to leave her alone?"

"It's a deal!" said the Inspector.

(To be concluded)



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SCHOOL UNIFORMS

524.—Blazer (below) styled perfectly for all her school and sport needs. Notched lapel collar, handy pockets, 3-button closing. She can sew her school emblem on the breast pocket. Sizes 4 to 16 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34in. chest). Butterick pattern 524, price 4/6 includes postage.



563.—Girl's shirtwaist dress with 6-gore skirt. (A) Long-sleeved view has back bodice yoke. (B) Plain back bodice, short sleeves. Sizes 4 to 16 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34in. chest). Butterick pattern 563, price 4/6 includes postage.



519.—Shirtmaker blouse that has been action-tested for fit and comfort. Forward shoulder line, convertible collar, and breast pocket. Short or long sleeves, yoked or plain back. Sizes 4 to 16 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34in. chest). Butterick pattern 519, price 4/6 includes postage.



516.—Girl's one-piece pleated tunic, buttons at shoulders. Cut out square yoke tops the bodice both front and back. Inverted pleats fall straight from the yoke. (A) Buttoned self-belt. Pattern does not include blouse. Sizes 4 to 16 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34in. chest). Butterick pattern 516, price 4/6 includes postage.



2755.—Semi-fit princess dress with inverted pleats for gym or class wear, three-quarter sleeves or sleeveless. Pattern includes back-buttoned blouse with short sleeves. Sizes 2 to 12 (21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Butterick pattern 2755, price 5/- includes postage.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 22, 1964



MRS. D. MASON OF VAUCLOSE, SYDNEY, SAYS:

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Page 59

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